

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 07100249 1

3-MCE

HABERY-ROBERTSON

FAMOUS ITALIAN PICTURES AND
THEIR STORY



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

Famous Italian Pictures and Their Story

With
Sketch of the Artists

BY
FRANCES HABERLY-ROBERTSON

Forty-two illustrations from Photographs taken from the original Paintings by
Alinari and Cook, Rome; Alinari Brothers in Florence and Venice.
Pronunciation of Italian and Greek Names.

NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY
PUBLISHER
FRANCES HABERLY-ROBERTSON
FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

AUTHORS CONSULTED

Vasari, Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. Clement, J. Addington Symonds, Ruskin, Crowe and Cavalcaselle, Grimm's Life of Michelangelo, Lubke, Hegel's Aesthetics, Walter Pater, Bruzzone, Matarazzo, Fuseli, Galey's and Keightley's Mythologies.

מִיָּדָה
לְבָרְכֶם
וְלִשְׁמֹרְכֶם

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
Allegri, Antonio	82
Assumption of the Virgin, The	205
Aurora, The	59
Bartolommeo, Fra	156
Botticelli	108
Buonarotti, Michelangelo	43
Cenci, Beatrice	69
Cornaro, Catarina	200
Correggio	82
Domenichino	54
Driving Out of Heliodorus, The	19
Filipepi, Alessandro	108
Four Saints, The	149
Judith	117
Holy Night, The	96
Last Communion of St. Jerome, The	54
Last Judgment, The	47
Leonardo	165
Lippi, Filippino	102
Lippi, Fra Filippo	98
Madonna di Foligno	14
Madonna of St. Francis, The	135
Madonna of St. Sebastian, The	85
Madonna of the Fish, The	31

	PAGE
Madonna, The Sistine	37
Michelangelo	43
Mona Lisa	177
Palma, Jacopo	189
Presentation, The	203
Raphael	11
Reni, Guido	59
Santi Raffaello	11
Sarto, Andrea del	123
St. Jerome, The Last Communion of	54
St. Francis, The Madonna of	135
St. Agnes	152
Savonarola	159
Titian	194
Transfiguration, The	25
Vecellio, Tiziano	194
Vinci, Leonardo da	165
Vision of St. Bernard, The	103
Zampieri, Domenico	54

RAFFAELLO SANTI

RAPHAEL

J. Addington Symonds calls Raphael one of the four archangels of painting—calls him the Phoeban singer to whom the Renaissance reveals her joy and dowers with her melody. He is not deep, and impenetrable, like Leonardo; he does not overwhelm, like Michelangelo; he does not intoxicate, like Correggio; he does not possess the magic of Titian, the pomp of Veronese or Tintoretto, the brilliancy of Rubens or Murillo? but in his manner of telling a story, in his grasp of subject, his Elysian grace, in the power of divining his subject, in the power to explain, to embellish, to supply its deficiencies, and over all to throw the mantle of transcendent beauty, no painter, living or dead, has ever surpassed him.

Raffaello Santi was born in the mountain city of Urbino, on Good Friday, 1483.

Raphael's father, Giovanni Santi, an artist of some merit, soon recognized the talent of his boy, and said, "I cannot long be his teacher." When Raphael was fourteen his father died, and he was sent to Perugia to study under Perugino, the chief master of the Umbrian school. When the young Raphael came here it was the last of Perugia's great days. She was a proud, rampant hill city, with her trophies on her outer walls, and her streets often bloody from the disputes of her own lords. Yet out of this intense life came this flower of beauty, Umbrian art, an expression of celestial grace and princely breeding.

In 1508, Pope Julius II. called Raphael to Rome, where he remained until his death. After the death of Julius, Raphael was under the patronage of Pope Leo X.

Raphael had a most lovable personality. He could never walk the streets of Rome, it is said, without a crowd of attendant pupils and friends, eagerly listening to his every word.



RAPHAEL

He grew rich and famous. He could have married Maria Bibbiena, a niece of Cardinal Bibbiena. The honor, and importance of an alliance like this, we today can hardly understand. In Raphael's day, Rome was the capital of the civilized world. The Cardinals, Princes of the Church, took precedence over Princes of the blood, and the Pope made and unmade kings.

In just thirty-seven years this brilliant, beautiful life was ended. After nearly five centuries of animated discussion and of frequent revolt, which have taken place in every sect who worship at the shrine of art, Raphael, calm and serene, has ever occupied the throne of painting, and no other artist, whether fellow countryman or foreigner, whether bearing the name of Titian, Rubens, Rembrandt, Murillo or another, has ever disputed his legitimate empire.

MADONNA DI FOLIGNO

Sigismund Conti of Foligno, the private secretary of Pope Julius II., going from Rome to his home in Foligno, came very near being killed by a falling meteor. He attributed his deliverance to the Virgin, and vowed to make an offering to her. In fulfillment of this vow, he commissioned Raphael to paint this most precious picture.

You see in the background of the picture a broad plain at the edge of some blue hills and in this plain a town with a few towers. Allowing for a few imaginative details, the sketch is true to Foligno as it is today. It has not changed much since the 16th century. If you look carefully at the picture, you will see the meteor falling.

In the upper part of the picture is the Madonna in glory, by her side the infant Christ. Both are looking down on Sigismund Conti, the donor, who is gazing up to them with a look of the most intense gratitude and



MADONNA DI FOLIGNO

devotion. It is an actual portrait of Sigismund. St. Jerome, who is standing a little back, places his hand upon the head of the donor, as if to present him to his celestial protectress. On the opposite side John the Baptist points upward to the Redeemer. In front kneels St. Francis of Assisi, looking up to Heaven with the most rapt expression. His extended right arm seems to be pointing to the worshippers in the church, as if he wished them also to be included in the protecting care of the Virgin.

The Madonna di Foligno was dedicated in the church of Ara Coeli in Rome, one of the Franciscan churches, which explains the presence of St. Francis.

Raphael was twenty-eight when he painted this picture. After the death of Sigismund Conti, his grand niece, Sister Anna (Conti), obtained permission to remove it to her convent in Foligno. Napoleon carried it to Paris in 1792. In 1815, when the works of art which he carried away were brought back to

Italy, it was placed in the Vatican picture gallery.

The Madonna di Foligno, as I have already said, was first placed in the church of Ara Coeli in Rome.

When the Roman Senate decreed to give divine honors to Augustus Caesar, he seems to have been in some doubt as to whether he should receive them. He therefore consulted the Tiburtine Sibyl. These Sibyls foretold the coming of Christ to the Gentiles. Varro, who wrote one hundred years before Christ, gives their number as ten, and says they took their names from the locality from which they came.

There are only two of them that are famous in art, the Cumæn Sibyl, and the Tiburtine Sibyl, from Tivoli. There were many serious disagreements in the early church as to the value of the prophecies of these Sibyls. St. Jerome and St. Augustine believed they were inspired of God. The two most interesting traditions pertain to the Cumæn and the Tiburtine Sibyls.



DETAIL MADONNA DI FOLIGNO

The Cumæn was beloved by Apollo. He told her to ask for anything she chose, and he would grant it. She asked to live a thousand years, but forgot to ask for youth; she is always represented as being very old. One day she appeared before Tarquin the Proud, and offered for sale nine books containing the Sibylline prophecies. She asked a large price; he refused to buy them. She went away and burned three of them, came to him again and offered the six books, and asked the same price that she did for the nine. Still he refused. She went away and burned three more, came again, and offered the remaining three, asking the same price as for the nine. Tarquin then consulted a soothsayer, who told him that the destinies of the world depended upon the preservation of these prophecies. The three books were then bought, and for centuries were consulted in all emergencies of the Roman nation. They were preserved in the capitol in Rome, and were under the care of special priests.

During the wars of Marius and Sylla they disappeared. Messengers were sent far and wide to collect these scattered Sibylline leaves, and what were found were carefully preserved. Tacitus and Suetonius both say that the ancient Romans believed that he, who should rule the world, would come out of Judea, and this they took from the Sibylline leaves. Augustus therefore consulted the Tiburtine Sibyl, whether or not he should accept these divine honors. She told him that his power was declining, that he would better go away from her silently, for a Hebrew child would be born, who would rule over the gods themselves; that a king would come from Heaven, whose kingdom would have no end. Another version says that Augustus saw the heavens open, and a woman with a child in her arms standing on an altar, and he heard a voice saying, "Haec Ara filii Dei" (This is the altar of the Son of God).

The Emperor believed in the vision, and reported it to the Senate and in commemora-

tion of the vision erected upon the Capitoline Hill an altar on which was inscribed, "Ara primo geniti Dei" (To the first born of God), and upon this spot was erected the church of Ara Coeli (The Altar of Heaven).

It was in this church, October 15, 1764, that Gibbon conceived the idea of writing the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

THE DRIVING OUT OF HELIODORUS

This is one of the stanze frescoes in the Vatican. The first commission Raphael received from Pope Julius II. was to decorate the four stanze (rooms) and the gallery leading to them, which he intended to occupy. These rooms are in the upper story of the Vatican, as the reader who has climbed wearily and breathlessly up to them will well remember. I used to wonder how Pope Julius could do it at his advanced age. One day the mystery was solved. I was shown the incline, up which, on

the back of his white mule, Pope Julius rode. He refused to live in the splendid rooms occupied by Alexander VI., the Borgia Pope. Michelangelo painted the drama of humanity on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. Pope Julius wished Raphael to represent in these rooms which he had chosen, the origin, power and final triumph of the church.

The Expulsion of Heliodorus is in the room known as the Stanza d'Elidora (The room of Heliodorus). It is the greatest fresco in the room and one of the best in the whole series. It represents the driving out of Heliodorus from the Temple at Jerusalem.

The story is told in the third chapter of the second book of Maccabees, one of the apocryphal books of the Bible. Onias was high priest at Jerusalem. Simon, governor of the temple, had a grudge against Onias, so he went to Apollonius, the governor of Syria, and told him that the treasury in Jerusalem contained vast sums of money, besides that kept for the sacrifices, and that it was possible for the king

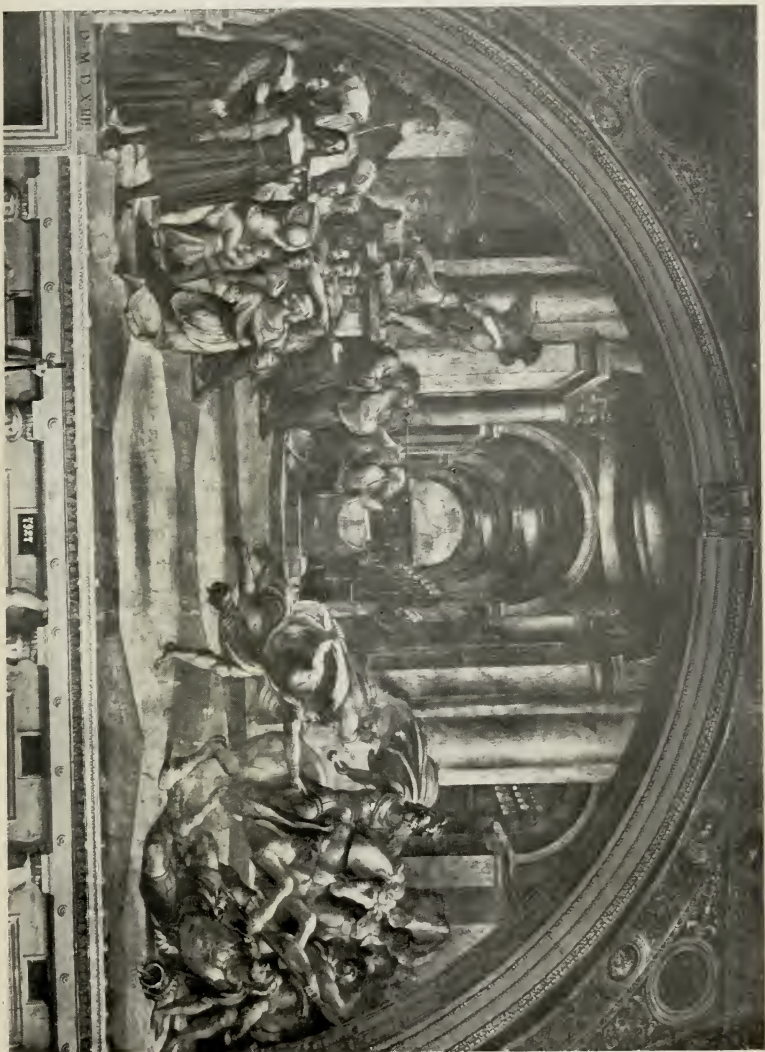
to get it. When Apollonius told this to the king, he commanded his treasurer, Heliodorus, to go to the temple, get the money, and bring it to him. When Heliodorus came to Jerusalem he was courteously received by Onias. He told Onias what the king had heard, and that the king wished to know if the story was true, and if true, he had commanded him to take this money to Syria. Onias said, "It is indeed true that there is much money in the treasury; but it is kept for the relief of widows and orphans, and it would be a great wrong to give it up." Heliodorus replied that his orders were to bring it to the king's treasury.

A day was set to give up the money. The whole city was in commotion when they heard of it. The priests prostrated themselves before the altars and entreated God that this should not be allowed. Men and women, clothed in sackcloth, stood in the streets supplicating Heaven to deliver them from this evil. On the appointed day, Heliodorus went to the temple to remove the treasure. He and his guards

were in the act of going away with it when a strange thing happened. Suddenly there appeared a horse, with a terrible rider upon him dressed in splendid armor. The horse ran fiercely and smote Heliodorus with his fore feet. Then two young men appeared, of great strength and great beauty, who stood by him and scourging him continually, "gave him many sore stripes."

The center of the picture is occupied by a priest in prayer, and in the foreground horror-stricken spectators are grouped around the Papal chair on which Julius II. sits enthroned. It is supposed that the expulsion of Heliodorus typified the deliverance of the ecclesiastical states from the enemies of Papal authority by Julius II. It is said that the mounted horseman, trampling upon the prostrate Heliodorus, is a portrait of the magnificent Astorre Baglioni, of Perugia. The Baglioni ruled Perugia in the 15th century for a period of fifty years.

The heads of the family were two brothers,



D. M. D. XIII

1721

Guido and Ridolfo, who had between them eight splendid sons. They were so beautiful, writes Matarazzo, the historian of the family, that whenever the magnificent Guido, his son Astorre, or his nephew Gianpaola walked in the piazza, every citizen paused in his work to look at them; strangers in the city would make every effort to see them, and the soldiers would hurry from their tents to watch them go by.

One September day in 1495, the Oddi and their followers, who once ruled in Perugia, but had been driven out by the Baglioni, suddenly appeared before the city gates, and broke the iron chains which barred the street. No one of the Baglioni was on the alert except Ridolfo's son, young Simonetto, a lad of eighteen, fierce and cruel. He rushed forth alone, bareheaded, with sword in his right hand, and a buckler on his arm, and fought against a squadron. At the barrier of the piazza he kept his foes at bay, smiting men-at-arms to the ground with the sweep of his tremendous sword "and receiving on his gentle body twenty-two cruel

wounds." While thus at fearful odds, the noble Astorre, mounted on his white Barbary steed, rushed into the piazza. Upon his helmet flashed the falcon of the Baglioni with the dragon's tail that swept behind, and bidding Simonetto tend his wounds, he held the square.

At this time the young Raphael was in Perugia, in the studio of Perugino. There is no doubt but that he rushed out when he heard the tumult in the piazza, and from some point of vantage saw the whole scene and treasured it in his memory. Then when he comes to paint for Pope Julius the horseman trampling down Heliodorus he gives him the face and figure of the magnificent Astorre Baglioni, as he saw him that day in the square, and makes him immortal in all his splendor by the matchless art of his craft.

THE TRANSFIGURATION

In 1519, Cardinal Giuliano de Medici gave Raphael a commission to paint an altarpiece for the church of Narbonne, of which the Cardinal was Bishop. This was the famous Transfiguration. The legend portrayed here, slightly varying from the account in the New Testament, but not contradicting it, is as follows: Christ goes out with his twelve disciples to Mt. Tabor, and leaving the nine at the foot ascends with the favored three to the summit where the Transfiguration takes place. While this transpires the family group approach with the demoniac boy, seeking help from a miraculous source. In honor of the Cardinal, Raphael has introduced two strangers who seem to carry to the Beatified One the intelligence of the event below. These two represent the ill-fated Giuliano, the Cardinal's father, who was killed in the Pazzi conspiracy, the other St. Lawrence, representing Lorenzo the Magnificent, the Cardinal's uncle.

Mr. W. H. Harris says: "It may be safely affirmed that there is scarcely a picture in existence in which the individualities are more strongly marked by internal, essential characteristics.

"Above there is no figure to be mistaken. Christ floats toward the source of all light, the invisible Father by whom all is made visible. On the right Moses appears in strong contrast to Elias on the left, the former the lawgiver, the latter the spontaneous, fiery, eagle-eyed prophet. On the mountain top are the three disciples. One recognizes on the right hand, John, gracefully bending his face down from the overpowering light, while on the left James hides his face in his humility; but Peter, the bold one, is fain to gaze directly on the splendor. He turns his face up in the act, but is, as on another occasion, mistaken in his estimate of his own endurance and is obliged to cover his eyes involuntarily with his hand.

"Below, on the mount, are two opposed groups. On the right, coming from the ham-



THE TRANSFIGURATION



let in the distance, is the family group, of which a demoniac boy forms the center. They, without doubt, saw Christ pass on His way to this solitude, and at length concluded to follow Him and test His might which had been noised abroad in that region. It is easy to see the relationship of the whole group. First, the boy actually possessed, a maniac; then his father holding and restraining him, a man pre-disposed to insanity. Kneeling at the right of the boy is his mother, whose fair Grecian face has become haggard with the trials she has endured from her son. Just beyond her is her brother, and in the shade of the mountain is her father. In the foreground is her sister. Back of the father is seen an uncle, on the father's side, of the demoniac boy, whose features and gestures show him to be affected with the family trait. Near him is seen the face of the father's sister, also a weak-minded person. The whole group at the right are supplicating the nine disciples in the most earnest manner for relief. The disciples grouped on the left

are full of sympathy, but their looks tell plainly that they can do nothing. By their gestures they seem to be saying that the Master, He who can heal the boy, is up on the mountain."

Some of the critics say that Raphael in this picture attempted to remove the established limits of art, to have combined two actions, and consequently two different moments. Fuseli says: "It is only necessary to examine the picture to prove the futility of the charge. Raphael has connected with the Transfiguration not the cure of the demoniac but his presentation for it. If, according to the Gospel record, this happened at the foot of the mountain, while the apparition took place at the top, what improbability is there in assigning the same moment to both? Raphael's design was to represent Jesus as the Son of God, and at the same time as the reliever of human misery, by an unequivocal fact. The Transfiguration on Tabor, and the miraculous cure which followed the descent of Jesus, united, fur-



FR

nished that fact. The difficulty was to combine two successive actions in one moment. He overcame it by sacrificing the moment of the cure to that of the apparition by implying the lesser miracle in the greater. In subordinating the cure to the vision he obtained sublimity; in placing the crowd and the patient in the foreground he gained room for the full exertion of his dramatic power. It was not necessary that the demoniac boy should be represented in the moment of recovery, if its certainty could be expressed by other means. It is implied, it is placed beyond all doubt, by the apparition above, and is made nearly intuitive by the uplifted hand and finger of the apostle in the center, who, without hesitation, undismayed by the obstinacy of the demon, unmoved by the clamor of the crowd, and the skepticism of some of his companions, refers the father of the maniac in an authoritative manner, for certain and speedy help, to his master on the mountain above, whom, though unseen, his attitude at once connects with all

that passes below; here is that union of the two parts of the fact in one moment."

In the Madonna di San Sisto alone did the master attain to anything like the same spiritual beauty, and it seemed when these two were produced that a yet more glorious chapter in Christian art was about to open. This hope, alas, was never to be realized. Raphael was stricken with fever, and the Transfiguration he never completed. It was finished by Guilio Romano, Raphael's best and favorite pupil.

Tradition, which tells little of the beginning of Raphael's life, tells but little about its close. We only know that he died on the night of Good Friday, April 6, 1520, just thirty-seven years from the day he was born. The body of Raphael lay in state in his own house three days and above it was placed the Transfiguration.

Possibly the Eternal City never witnessed a more imposing funeral pageant. Cardinals, Prelates, Princes and Nobles, all classes and



DETAIL TRANSFIGURATION



DETAIL TRANSFIGURATION

conditions, followed the body to its last resting place in the Pantheon.

Over the bier was borne the Transfiguration. As the body was about to be placed in the tomb, Leo X. came hastily forward, knelt by the bier, spent some moments in prayer, and took for the last time one of Raphael's hands which he bathed with tears. The epigram upon the tomb is from the pen of Raphael's friend, Cardinal Bembo: "Living, great Nature feared he might her works outvie, and dying, fears herself to die."

THE MADONNA OF THE FISH

The Madonna of the Fish in the gallery at Madrid, is in Raphael's most perfect style. The Virgin sits enthroned with the Christ child on her knee. On one side is St. Jerome kneeling by the Lion; he is holding a book. On the other side the archangel Raphael is presenting at the foot of the throne the young Tobias, whom he formerly guided to the River

Tigris, and who bears the miraculous fish whose heart, liver and gall were to restore his father's sight, and drive the demons from his bride. Tobias with his fish was an early type of baptism. The Angel Raphael leading Tobias always expresses protection, and especially protection to the young. The picture is believed to have been painted to commemorate the introduction of Tobit among the Canonical books of the Roman church. The Jews have always refused it a divine origin. St. Jerome translated the book of Tobit from Chaldaic into Latin, which explains his presence. The story of Tobias is told in the book of Tobit, one of the Apocryphal books of the Bible.

According to the old Hebrew legend, Tobias was the son of a very rich man by the name of Tobit, upon whom great misfortune had fallen. He and his family were taken captive by the Assyrians. He had lost all of his fortune and at last had become blind. Nothing was left him but his wife Sara and his son



MADONNA OF THE FISH

Tobias. His trouble was so great, he prayed constantly for death.

In the city of Ecbatane there lived a man named Raguel, with his wife Edna and his daughter Sara. Sara had been married seven times. The husbands were each killed by the evil spirit Asmodeus as soon as they were married to her. She was so unhappy because of this, she too prayed to die. Then God sent the archangel Raphael to take away the blindness of Tobit and the reproach of this unhappy woman.

Tobit had given ten talents in trust to a friend in Media. He was in great need of this money and resolved to send Tobias for it. He sent him out to search for a guide to take him there. As Tobias went out he met the archangel Raphael, who offered to go with him, but Tobias did not know he was an angel. He took him to his father, who arranged the matter of his wages. Tobit gave Tobias an order for the money, and directions for the journey, and they departed. That evening they lodged at

a place close to the river Tigris. When Tobit went to the river to bathe, a fish leaped out at him. The angel told him to take the fish, kill it, and carefully preserve the heart, the liver, and the gall. This he did; then they roasted the fish and ate it. Tobias asked the angel the use of the parts he had kept. He told him that the heart and liver were able to cure any one who had an evil spirit, if a smoke were made of them before the person, and the gall would cure blindness from any one who had whiteness in the eyes. When they came near to the town of Rages, the angel said: "Brother, tonight we shall lodge with Raguel, thy cousin, who has a daughter Sara. I will speak for her that she may be given thee for a wife." And he added that according to the laws she belonged to Tobias, and that as she was fair, and wise, he could marry her on their return. Tobias had heard of the untimely end of the seven husbands and did not look favorably on the proposition, and urged, as an excuse, that if he should die his

father and mother would go in sorrow to their graves. The angel assured him that she was the wife intended for him by the Lord, and that as he came to the marriage chamber, he should make a smoke of the heart and liver of the fish and the evil spirit would return no more. They came to Ecbatane and met on the way Sara. She took them to the home of Raguel, her father, who rejoiced to see them and made a feast for them. Raphael then asked for the hand of Sara for Tobias. The story of the fate of the seven husbands was told them, but nothing daunted, they asked to have the marriage ceremony take place at once, which was done. Tobias did as the angel commanded him—made the smoke with the heart and liver of the fish. When the evil spirit smelled the odor and saw the smoke he departed forever. The marriage feast was kept up fourteen days. While it was going on, Raphael went and collected the money for Tobit. When he returned he set out with Tobias and Sara to Nineveh. Raguel

had given Sara half of his possessions, money, flocks, herds and servants. As they neared the city the angel said to Tobias: "Let us go ahead and prepare the house and take in thine hand the gall of the fish." Tobias' mother, Anna, was watching for them, and when she saw them, she told Tobit. Then the angel said to Tobias: "Your father will open his eyes. Anoint them with the gall of the fish, and the whiteness will fall away, and he shall see thee." Tobias obeyed, and it was as the angel said, the sight of Tobit was restored to him. Then they all rejoiced and blessed God, and Tobias then told what had happened to him, and they went to meet Sara, and the servants, and all that he had brought with him. They feasted for seven days. Tobias wished to give his guide the half he possessed, but he would have none of it. He said: "I am Raphael, one of the seven holy angels which present the prayers of the saints, and which go in and out before the glory of the Holy One. I was sent to heal Tobit and his daughter-in-law." Then

they were afraid and fell on their faces before him. He said: "Fear not, for it shall go well with you; praise God therefor." He then vanished and was seen no more. All did go well with them ever after, and they never ceased praising God. After the death of Tobit and Anna, Tobias, Sara and their children went to live with Raguel. Tobias lived to be a hundred and twenty-seven years old, lived to hear of the destruction of Nineveh.

THE SISTINE MADONNA

The last Madonna which Raphael painted, and which won for him the title "Il Divino," was the Madonna di San Sisto. It was painted for the Benedictine Monks at Piacenza for their church of San Sisto. They retained their treasure until about 1794, when it was bought by Augustus III., Elector of Saxony, and today it is considered the most valuable picture in the world. As if Raphael knew it would be his last Holy Family, he concentrated in it every excellence to which he had attained,

producing a work before which the greatest masters of art, the most reverent, and the most skeptical, alike bow their heads. Mrs. Jameson, in speaking of the Virgin, and of the attributes which go to make up this glorious type of perfection, says, "Where shall we seek this highest, holiest impersonation? Where has it ever been attained or even approached? Of course, we each form to ourselves some notion of what we require, and these requirements will be as diverse as our natures, and our habits of thought. For myself, I have seen my own ideal once, and only once attained, there, where Raphael—inspired, if ever painter was inspired—projected on the space before him that wonderful creation which we style the Madonna di San Sisto. For there she stands, the transfigured woman, at once completely human and completely divine, an abstraction of power, purity and love, poised on the empurpled air, and requiring no other support, looking out with her slightly dilated sibylline eyes quite through the universe to the end and consumma-



THE SISTINE MADONNA

tion of all things, sad, as if she beheld afar off the visionary sword that was to reach her heart through Him, now resting as enthroned on that heart, yet already exalted through the homage of the redeemed generations who were to salute her as blessed."

Says Lubke: "Raphael's Madonnas, and in the highest sense the Sistine Madonna, belong to no special epoch, to no particular religious creed. They exist for all time, and for all mankind, because they present an immortal truth in a form that makes a universal appeal."

Says Hegel: "The Madonna di San Sisto is thinking of the godlike rather than of the human in her child. He is mysteriously above her, even when the object of her care. It is not the relation which human ones bear to each other, but that which all bear to the source of life, which has now condescended, and come near in the person of this child.

"We do not stop to criticize the painter's ideal in the face of the child. Of this, much might be said, but in the mother the conscious-

ness of maternity is in abeyance, swallowed up in other thoughts. The human love yields to the adoring love. In this picture we have the beauty which implies the need of reconciliation, and reconciliation accomplished.

“In the face of the child we have the infant son of man, He who is to judge the world. He looks into infinity, and His mother’s looks follow His. The impulse of the beholder after regarding either face is to cast down one’s eyes, for each dwells in a region we have not yet reached, and makes part of the beauty for which we are not yet prepared. In this transcendent realm, the ideal relation between all human souls can only be had when each soul is in true relation to God. This then is the highest and most beautiful state beyond which there is nothing which art can claim to show.”

This picture is the most precious possession of the Dresden gallery. It is in a room by itself. Day after day, year after year, a long procession of men and women pass before this picture. Every man removes his hat, every



DETAIL SISTINE MADONNA

one steps softly, everybody speaks in a whisper. Anyone who has seen the picture will bear me out when I say that there is no other in the world that produces a like impression. Mrs. Jameson voices one's thoughts and feelings when she calls the Madonna, "the transfigured woman, at once completely human and completely divine." There is no other face which has the power by its spirituality, by its purity, to subdue the beholder that this face has. Mr. Hegel is right when he says: "The impulse of the beholder after regarding either face is to cast down one's eyes; each dwells in a region we have not yet reached, and makes part of the beauty for which we are not yet prepared."

No copy, however good, can compare with the original. There is a subtle something in this picture which eludes the copyist.

The two other figures are St. Sixtus and St. Barbara. St. Sixtus seems to be imploring the Virgin's favor for the Brotherhood for whom the picture was painted. He is said to be Sixtus II., a Greek Pope, who lived in the third

century. He succeeded Pope Etienne in the year 257. After holding his office just one year he was beheaded in the cemetery of St. Calixtus during the eighth persecution of the Christians, in the reign of the Emperor Valerian. St. Barbara kneels to the left of the Virgin. Just above her right shoulder and partly concealed by the curtain is a small tower, the symbol of the saint.

MICHELANGELO BUONAROTTI

On the 6th day of March, 1474, at the castle of Chiusa, in Tuscany, was born Michelangelo Buonarotti. He was descended from the princely house of Canossa. His mother gave him to be nursed by a stone-cutter's wife at Settignano, a few miles from Florence, high up in the mountains. "Giorgio," said Michelangelo to Vasari, "whatever of acrid my temper may have in it, I ascribe to the keen air of your hills of Arrezzo, and as to my chisel and mallet, I conclude my love for them was imbibed with my foster-mother's milk."

As he grew up, he developed an invincible determination toward the arts. His father objected, but to no purpose, and the boy found his way into the studio of Ghirlandajo. He soon proved superior to his master. A criticism on the master's drawing, a few sharp

words, and he leaves the studio forever, only sixteen, yet thenceforth to pursue his art alone. The Medici were rulers of Florence. Lorenzo the Magnificent had filled the gardens of San Marco with statuary, and established there a school for the study of ancient art. Here Michelangelo discovered his vocation. He begged a piece of marble and struck out the head of a laughing Faun, still to be seen in the Bargello. No person of genius escaped the keen eye of Lorenzo di Medici. One glance at the Faun's head, and Lorenzo invites the lad into his own house, and here his real education began. He was a close student of Dante, a devoted admirer of Savonarola, and lived in his Bible. He was architect, painter, poet, sculptor and master of each.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps wrote:

“Wise was the word the wise man spake, who
said

Angelo was the only man to whom God gave
four souls—

The soul of sculpture, and of song,
Of architecture, and of art, these all
For God so loved him, as if he were his only
son,
And grouped about those brows ideals of
himself;
Not angels mild, as those that flit and beckon
other lives,
But cherubim and seraphim, tall, strong, un-
sleeping, terrible."

Michelangelo's life was filled with disappointment; his was perhaps the saddest of all the artists' lives. Sculpture was his supreme gift, but he was not allowed to devote himself to that alone. He worked for a succession of Popes, none of whom, save Julius II., comprehended his genius.

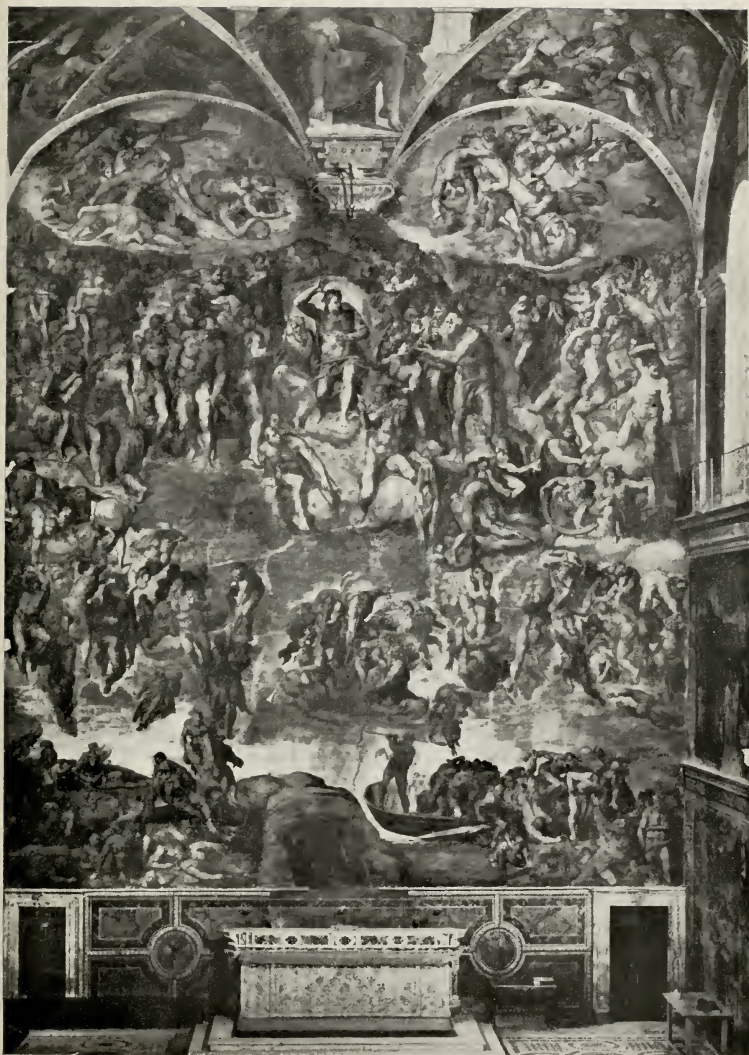
It was the blundering obstinacy of Pope Leo X. which kept him seven of the best years of his life engaged in opening a road to the marble quarries in the highest part of the mountains of Pietra Santa.

Longfellow, in his drama of Michelangelo, makes him say of this time:

“Yes, whenever
I think of anything besides my work,
I think of Florence. I remember, too,
The bitter days I passed among the quarries
Of Seravezza and Pietra Santa;
Road building in the marshes; stupid people,
And cold and rain incessant, and mad gusts
Of mountain wind, like howling dervishes,
That spun and whirled the eddying snow about
 them
As if it were a garment; aye, vexations
And troubles of all kinds, that ended only
In loss of time and money.”

Michelangelo gave to architecture the dome of St. Peter's, to painting the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, to sculpture the statue of Moses, and to poetry his sonnets.

He died in Rome on the 17th day of February, 1562, in the 89th year of his age. His



THE LAST JUDGMENT

body was brought to Florence, and buried with great pomp in the church of Santa Croce.

Mr. Symonds says: "Read his sonnets; they reach from the thought of Dante, through Plato, to the thought of Christ. In communion with these highest souls, Michelangelo habitually lived, for he was born of their high lineage, and, like them, a life long alien on the earth."

THE LAST JUDGMENT

This is one of the twelve great pictures. It is above the altar in the Sistine Chapel. It was painted by order of Paul III., the Farnese Pope. As soon as he was made Pope he sent for Michelangelo. He found him at work upon the tomb of Julius. The statue of Moses was finished, and said Paul III., "That statue alone is glory enough for one Pope." Michelangelo protests that he cannot leave, that he is under contract to the Duke of Urbino. "Let me tear up your contract," said the Pope.

“Have I been waiting these long years for an opportunity to have you work for me, then to be refused? I want you in the Sistine Chapel.” At last Michelangelo consented, and once more threw down the chisel for the brush.

The original idea was to begin the cycle of the Sistine compositions with the fall of the rebel angels, and with the Last Judgment form the celestial prologue and epilogue to the drama of humanity, which was represented on the ceiling. Paul decided Michelangelo should begin on the Last Judgment, which he did, and which cost him eight years’ incessant toil. It seems to me it could never have been, at its best, a picture one would delight to look upon. Now, it has been so restored, is so blackened with the smoke of incense, and the dust of centuries, one gazes upon it with pity almost. Mr. Symonds says: “Whether we regard this fresco as closing the long series of Last Judgments to be studied on Italian church walls, from Giotto downward, or whether we confine our attention, as contemporaries have done, to the

skill of its foreshortenings, and groupings, or whether we analyze the dramatic energy, wherewith tremendous passions are expressed, its triumph in either case is decided. The whole wall swarms with ascending and descending, poised and hovering shapes, men and women, rising from the grave before the Judge, taking their station with the saved, or sinking with unutterable anguish to the place of doom; a multitude that no man can number, surging to and fro in dim tempestuous air. In the center, at the top, Christ is rising from his throne with the gesture of an angry Hercules, hurling ruin on the guilty. He is such as the sins of Italy have made him. Squadrons of angels bearing the emblems of his passion, whirl round him like gray thunder clouds, and the saints lean forward from their vantage ground, to curse, and threaten. At the very bottom, bestial figures take the place of human lineaments, and the terror of judgment has become the torment of damnation. Such is the general scope of the picture. Dante's visions

and Savonarola's prophecies are embodied here."

The picture produced a marvelous effect and evoked a storm of criticism, but the Pope stood firm. It pleased him, it met with his entire approbation.

Below the Christ, on the right, sits St. Bartholomew, who was flayed alive; he is holding his skin. On the left sits St. Lawrence, who was roasted alive; he is holding a gridiron. On the right in the front kneels St. Catherine of Alexandria, who was martyred between two wheels, set with sharp knives; she holds a section of a wheel. Next to her kneels St. Sebastian, holding a bunch of arrows. All the martyred throng are there, but even death and the certain knowledge that Heaven is theirs seem not to have effaced from their memory the tortures they suffered on earth, and, stranger still, the spirit of revenge seems to have taken possession of them.

An amusing anecdote is told of the Pope's master of ceremonies, Biago. He was at the



DETAIL LAST JUDGMENT

chapel one day with his Holiness, who asked him what he thought of the picture. He replied, "I think it a disgraceful thing to put so many nude figures in so sacred a place." Michelangelo heard of it, and when alone put in a likeness of the master of ceremonies, under a representation of Minos; the resemblance was so striking, the story soon spread over the city. The unfortunate Biago came to the Pope with his grievance. "Where did he put you?" asked the Pope. "In Hell, your Holiness." "Alas," said the Pope, laughing, "if he had only put you in Purgatory, I could have gotten you out; but as you are in Hell, I can do nothing for you. My power does not reach so far. *"Nulla est redemptio."*

Minos with the face of Biago stands in the right-hand corner, at the bottom of the picture. Minos I. was a King of Crete. He was the son of Zeus and Europa. He gave such wise and just laws to his people he became celebrated throughout Greece, and was called the favorite of the gods. After his death, Zeus

rewarded him with the office of supreme and absolute judge in the kingdom of Hades. This domain was surrounded by a stream, over which the dead, on paying their passage money, were ferried by the boatman Charon. The triple-headed dog Cerberus guarded the entrance, and the three judges, Minos, Æacus and Rhadamanthus allotted his place of bliss, or pain, to each of the dead. Æacus and Rhadamanthus sat at a point in a meadow, where the path branched off to the Isles of the Blessed on one side and to Tartarus on the other. If any case proved too difficult for them, it was reserved for the decision of Minos. In this picture Michelangelo has combined Christianity and paganism with serene impartiality. Christ on his throne, the Blessed Virgin by his side, saints and angels around and above him, and below is the river and Charon with his boat taking the condemned to the kingdom of Hades, where Minos seems to be receiving them.

Julius III. and Marcellus II. respected the work of the great artist, but Paul IV. wanted

to efface the Last Judgment, as soon as he became Pontiff. He had actually given an order to have it removed, but was finally induced to revoke it.

DOMENICO ZAMPIERI

DOMENICHINO

Domenico Zampieri, called Domenichino, was born at Bologna in 1581. He studied in the school of the Carracci. When he was twenty, he came to Rome, where he made a great reputation, and which he well deserved. He is one of the very best artists of his time. He had great technical skill, and his style is charming.

No one who has seen his superb figures of the four Evangelists in the church of St. Andrea della Valle, in Rome, will ever forget them.

THE LAST COMMUNION OF ST. JEROME

The Last Communion of St. Jerome is his masterpiece, and also stands at the head of a long list of pictures representing St. Jerome either doing penance in the desert, and “knock-



THE LAST COMMUNION OF ST. JEROME

ing at his poor old breast, with his great round stone to subdue the flesh," or writing his famous translation, or meditating on the mystery of the Incarnation.

St. Jerome was born A. D. 342 at Stridonum, in Dalmatia. His father was very rich, and as Jerome showed a decided taste for learning, he was sent to Rome to be educated. He studied under Donatus, the celebrated grammarian. He fell into evil ways for a time. When he was about thirty he was baptized and vowed himself to a life of celibacy.

In 372 he went to Palestine, longing to live in the place and among the scenes where Christ lived. He founded a monastery at Bethlehem.

In 382 he visited Rome and was made secretary to Pope Damasus. He remained three years, then returned to Bethlehem, where he died in 420. The cell in which he wrote his translation of the Bible is still shown and is held in great veneration.

St. Jerome was one of the four Doctors of the Latin church. As a subject for painting,

he was by far the most popular. The reason for this: the exceedingly interesting and striking character of the man, the picturesque incidents of his life, his importance and dignity as founder of Monachism in the West, and as author of the universally received translation of the Old and New Testaments into the Latin language.

As Doctor of the church and teacher, he enters into every scheme of Ecclesiastical decoration and finds a place in all sacred buildings.

His symbol is the lion. It is said that one evening as he sat within the gates of his monastery at Bethlehem, a lion entered limping as if in pain. All the brethren ran when they saw him, but Jerome arose and went forward to meet him, as though he were a guest. The lion lifted his paw, and St. Jerome on examining it found that it was wounded by a thorn, which he extracted, and cared for the foot until it was healed.

The grateful beast remained with his benefactor ever after.

This story is so often represented in pictures of St. Jerome that it cannot be ignored. The truth is, the lion symbol was given to St. Jerome in ancient times because it was befitting him, on account of his fervid, fiery nature, and his life in the wilderness.

When St. Jerome knew that he was dying, he asked his disciples to take him into the chapel of his church to receive the last communion. Domenichino's picture represents the aged saint, feeble, emaciated, dying, borne in the arms of his disciples to the chapel of his monastery and placed within the porch.

A young priest sustains him. Santa Paula kneels and kisses one of his bony hands. She was one of his converts at Rome, a patrician woman, a descendant of the Scipios. The saint fixes his eager eyes on the countenance of the priest who is about to administer the sacrament. His is a noble, dignified figure, in a rich ecclesiastical dress. A deacon holds the cup, and an attendant priest the book and taper; the lion droops his head with an expres-

sion of grief; the eyes and attention of all are on the dying saint. Four angels hovering above look down upon the scene.

Domenichino painted this picture for the church of St. Jerome, which was built, according to tradition, on the spot where the house of Santa Paula stood and where she entertained St. Jerome in Rome in 382 A. D.

The picture once hung in St. Peter's but was replaced by a mosaic copy. It is now in the Vatican picture gallery. It is one of the twelve great pictures of the world.

The four Doctors or Fathers of the Latin church were St. Jerome, St. Ambrose, St. Augustin, St. Gregory. In art they represent the church militant. Mrs. Jameson says: "As teachers, as pastors, as logicians and advocates, they wrote, argued, contended, suffered and at length, after a long and fierce struggle against opposing doctrines, they fixed the articles of faith thereafter received in Christendom. The Evangelists and the Apostles in art represent the spiritual church."



THE AURORA

GUIDO RENI

Guido Reni was born near Bologna in 1575. He was a pupil of the Carracci. He came to Rome to study the works of Raphael and Caravaggio. He remained in Rome twenty years. He had the greatest admiration for Raphael and Paul Veronese. In statuary his favorite models were the Venus de Medici, and Niobe. He was a favorite of Pope Paul V. He returned to Bologna, where he was very popular. He was overwhelmed with commissions, but he wasted his gain in gambling and died in 1642 in abject poverty. His masterpiece is the Aurora.

THE AURORA

On the ceiling of the Casino of the Rospigliosi Palace in Rome, Guido Reni painted his famous Aurora. It is one of the twelve great pictures of the world. It is full of color, full of action and is most beautiful. It is very

popular in America, and a copy is to be found in very many homes.

A little country girl in the west came to visit her uncle in the city. He had a large and splendid copy of the picture. One morning he came into the room where the picture was placed and found the girl standing before it in rapt admiration. "Well, Mary," he said, "what do you think of it?" "Oh, uncle," she replied, "I like it, 'cause they are in such a hurry." Unconsciously she had seized upon one of the chief excellencies of the picture.

Helios has taken his place in the chariot and gathered up the reins; the Hours, who have harnessed and yoked the celestial steeds to the chariot, stand around it. Aurora in her "saffron colored robe" flies in front. Heosphorus, the morning star, represented as a cherub bearing a torch, follows after, and far below is seen the sleeping world.

Every writer, almost without exception, calls the man in the chariot Apollo. This is a mistake. Phoebus Apollo never drove the chariot

of the sun. This was the sole function of Helios.

Phoebus Apollo was the son of Zeus and Leto, and twin brother of Artemis (Diana). Apollo was a deity totally distinct from Helios. He was the sun in its illuminating, life-giving warmth, and power; the God who brought the day, the springtime, the summer, the blessings of the harvest, and without whom there would be no life. He was the patron of music and poetry. He danced with the muses on Parnassus, he banqueted with the Gods on Olympus. He was a founder of cities, a giver of good laws. He presided over athletic sports, he was the ideal of splendid young manhood. Apollo perfectly knowing and in harmony with the will of his father, Zeus, became the God of oracles; hence the utterances of his priestesses determined state politics, and national movements, and thus made or shaped the material from which history was made.

As Phoebus, he was the clear and pure, requiring clean hands and a pure heart of those

who worshipped him. As Apollo, he was the arrester and defender. When presumption was to be punished, or wrong righted, he could bend his bow and slay the offender. He was the sun in its spiritual power, he had divine insight into the nature of all spiritual power and faculty, inspiring men to noblest action. His first victory over the Python was the symbol of the final and eternal victory over sin and suffering.

Apollo therefore could not have spent his days driving the chariot of the sun. This was purely a physical function, and it was intrusted to Helios.

Helios was the son of the Titans, Hyperion and Thia; he had two sisters, Selene and Eos. Helios and Selene were deities of the sun and the moon. Selene occupied the same relation to Artemis, the Latin Diana, that Helios did to Apollo. Eos, the Latin Aurora, was "the rosy-fingered goddess of the morn."

Helios was the bright being who rose each morning from the distant ocean stream, guided

the sun through the heavens, passed out of sight in the western sky, leaving the night, but surely to rise again. The poets picture him stepping from the chariot of the sun into a golden boat in which he sails back to the place in the earth from whence he was again to make his circuit through the sky.

Helios had a most interesting family. He married Perseis, the daughter of Oceanus. They had eight children. The most famous were Circe, the sorceress; Æetes, king of Colchis, from whom Jason stole the Golden Fleece; Pasiphaea, who married Minos II., king of Crete, and Phaethon, whose ambition prompted him to ask his father to allow him to drive the chariot of the sun just one day.

Helios reluctantly granted his request. As soon as Phaethon touched the reins the horses knew he was not their master; he was neither able to hold nor guide them; they plunged about madly, left their course, came so near the earth it took fire. Zeus struck him with lightning and he fell from the chariot into a

river. His three sisters, called "The Heliades," favored their brother's rash act, and were changed into poplars, and their tears into amber.

"Helios seems to have been a person of importance, aside from being the charioteer of the sun. He owned a beautiful island, upon which were the cattle that he loved, and upon which no mortal might lay hand and live. Ulysses, in his famous journey from Troy to Ithaca, after many and varied experiences, was nearing the island, where the cattle of Helios did pasture. Ulysses allowed his men to land, after he had made them swear a solemn oath that they would not touch the cattle. The food and wine that Circe had given them was gone, a great storm was raging, so they could not leave the island. Fish and fowl were plenty, but there was no way of getting them. Ulysses himself was hungry and discouraged. He wandered off from his men, lay down on the soft grass and went to sleep. Then Euryloches gathered the men around him, spoke of the dan-

gers they had passed, and that now they were likely to die of hunger. 'Why should we be hungry with all these cattle in sight? Let us seize on some of the fairest, and offer them a sacrifice to the undying gods, and when we reach Ithaca we will erect a temple to Helios, and offer daily costly sacrifices upon it.'

"Surely there is nothing new under the sun. Today a man makes his money dishonestly, and to quiet his conscience he says, 'I will build a church or endow a university.' The men listened, forgot their vow, seized some of the cattle, flayed them, placed their limbs in order, and when the sacrifice was finished they sat down and ate ravenously.

"Ulysses awoke and started toward them. As he drew near he smelled the odor of the roasting meat. He groaned aloud. 'O Father Zeus, while I slept my men have done this cruel thing.' When Helios saw what had been done, he was very angry and cried to Zeus and all the undying gods to avenge him; if not, he would go down to the dark kingdom of Hades,

and reign among the shades. Zeus besought him not to leave the chariot of the sun and he would avenge him. He would sink the ship of Ulysses. Then a terrible thing happened, which made the men quake with fear. The hides of the cattle crept, and quivered, as if alive; and the roasting meat moaned, and moaned, as if in anguish. These cattle of Helios represent the days of the year, and in the story one may recognize the origin of the old saying, 'killing time,' which Homer interprets literally."

Eos (Aurora) the dawn, who leads the procession in the picture, was the beautiful herald of Helios. She rose from the ocean in a chariot drawn by four white steeds. At her approach the moon and stars faded away, and only the glorious Helios preserved his brightness, as he followed her through the heavens. Aurora seems frequently to have been inspired with love for mortals. She loved fresh young life, and would often carry away beautiful youths. The same delicacy that suggested the

thought that those who died without any apparent cause had been gently removed by Apollo or Artemis prompted the Greeks to explain the death of a youth in the morning of life by saying that Aurora had carried him into immortal life. The old Greeks believed that Apollo and Artemis killed with a mild arrow all those overcome with old age. In the *Odyssey*, the swineherd Eumæus tells Ulysses of the happy isle where he was born. "There, men were not swept away by odious sickness, but when old age came near Apollo or Artemis appeared with a silver bow and killed them with an arrow that gave no pain."

Almost the last affair Aurora had was with Tithonus, a beautiful youth, the son of Laomedon, king of Troy and brother of Priam. She stole him away and married him. She prevailed on Zeus to give him immortality, but forgot to ask for eternal youth. After a time she saw that he was growing old. She was greatly chagrined, and when his hair turned white, she left his society. He still lived in her palace,

ate ambrosia, and was clad in celestial raiment. At last he lost the use of his limbs. Then she shut him up in a room in the palace; but all day long he lamented, and called for her in his shrill, piping voice. This annoyed her so much, she changed him into a tree locust, and to this day, as the year grows old, his shrill voice can be heard, imploring Aurora to come to him and release him from his prison.

Aurora and Tithonus had one son called Memnon, who became king of the Ethiopians. He fought with the Trojans, and was slain by Achilles. Two exquisitely beautiful legends grew out of the sorrow of Aurora for her beloved son. One is, that after his death she never ceased weeping, and her tears are the dew; the other, that she bore the body of her son to Ethiopia, and at Thebes, in Egypt, she erected the monument called "Memnon." Every morning when Aurora first appeared it greeted her with a musical note.

BEATRICE CENCI

The portrait of Beatrice Cenci, by Guido Reni, is one of the so-called twelve great pictures of the world. She was the daughter of the Count Francesco Cenci. They lived in Rome. The Cenci Palace is still standing. The Count was vicious, cruel, and brutish from his youth up. He seemed to delight in expending his cruelty and brutality upon his wife, his children, and his servants. He was a most inhuman father. At the age of sixteen he married Ersilia Santa Croce; she was only fourteen. She lived twenty years. She had twelve children and died at the age of thirty-five. Nine years after her death the Count Francesco married Lucrezia Petroni, a widow. Beatrice at this time was sixteen years old. Lucrezia was not long in finding out the kind of a man she had married and the condition of affairs in the family. Beatrice and her step-mother soon became devotedly attached to each

other. This made the Count very angry and both were treated with the greatest cruelty.

One of the visitors at the Cenci Palace was Guido Guerra. He was studying for the priesthood. To him Lucrezia and Beatrice told their pitiful story. He sympathized with them, finally fell in love with Beatrice, and was willing to give up the priesthood and marry her. Through spies, the Count heard of this. He was greatly enraged; threatened to kill the young man if he again entered the Palace. Guido tried to carry Beatrice away, the plan failed, and the Count redoubled his cruelty to her.

One summer morning in 1598, the Count ordered his family to prepare for a journey to Castle Petrella. This castle, a lonely place, marked the boundary between the Papal States and the Kingdom of Naples. It once belonged to the Colonna family. The Count, Lucrezia, Beatrice, Paola and Bernardino went to the castle. Here Beatrice was shut up in a dark room, allowed to speak to no one, con-



BEATRICE CENCI

stantly in terror of what might happen to her. Giacomo, her eldest brother, heard of this and decided to take matters for the relief of the family into his own hands. He and Guido Guerra, Beatrice's lover, plotted to kill the Count. With the family at the castle were two servants, Marzio and Olympio, who had also suffered from the Count's brutality. They were willing to commit the murder. The time chosen was the night of September 9, 1598. The story goes that Lucrezia put opium in the Count's wine, and that he fell into a deep sleep. Marzio and Olympio entered his room. Marzio struck him on the head with a hammer and Olympio stabbed him in the neck. They then dressed the body and tumbled it over a balcony into a kitchen garden below, making it appear that the Count had gone out on the balcony intoxicated and had fallen over. In the morning the servants discovered him. Lucrezia was called, and Beatrice was released from her prison. She was perfectly innocent of any knowledge of the crime. Some peasants

were called to take the body into the church of Santa Maria Petrella. Giacomo was summoned from Rome. The Count was buried in the church with solemn obsequies. A few days after the funeral Giacomo took the family back to Rome. Soon after Paola, the youngest boy, died. There was now no one left of the family except Lucrezia, Giacomo, Beatrice and Bernardino, a boy of fourteen.

By and by a rumor was started that the Count had not died by accident, but had been murdered. The authorities ordered the body taken up. This was done and the crime discovered. The sudden disappearance of Marzio and Olympio looked suspicious, and the police were put upon their track. As yet no one suspected the family. Giacomo and Guido Guerra became alarmed, and hired two assassins to find and kill Marzio and Olympio. They succeeded in finding Olympio, but Marzio was still at liberty. He was finally arrested in Naples. He confessed the crime, and gave the names of his accomplices. Giacomo, Lucre-

zia, Beatrice and Bernardino were arrested. The brothers were put in prison and Lucrezia and Beatrice were kept under lock and key in the Palace; later they were taken to prison.

Guido Guerra, disguised as a charcoal burner, escaped out of the country. All the Cenci denied any knowledge of the crime and Marzio, when called to witness against them, retracted what he said in Naples, and died under torture for refusing to repeat the confession.

After the death of Marzio there was no further evidence and the court could not carry on the prosecution. The Cenci were now removed from the civil prison to the Castle of St. Angelo, the prison belonging to the church, and all further proceedings were in her hands. At this time Clement VIII. was Pope. Before his accession to the Papal throne, he was known as Cardinal Ippolito Aldobrandini. He was elected Pope on the 29th of January, 1592.

On the 6th day of August, 1599, by means of the most horrible torture known to the inqui-

sition, Giacomo and Bernardino were made to confess. Two days later Lucrezia and Beatrice also confessed. Beatrice was put to a more terrible torture than all the others because she protested she was innocent. Those under torture often confessed to crimes of which they were entirely innocent. Public feeling ran high. Public sympathy was decidedly on the side of the accused, and there were murmurings against Clement and the Judges, who wished to put the entire family to death and confiscate their large estates. The best lawyers of the time took up the case, and appeared before Clement in defense of the accused. Among them was the famous advocate, Prospero Farinacci. Clement was above all authority. He was court, judge and jury, and would not at first allow any defense, but many of the noble families interfered, and he at last consented to listen to Farinacci, and for a time there was reason to hope he might pardon the Cenci. Just at this time, and unfortunately for them, Paola Santa Croce murdered his

mother for her money and escaped to Brescia. Clement was greatly irritated at this, the times were evil, an example was called for, and he hardened his heart against the Cenci.

He summoned the Governor of Rome and ordered him to pass sentence of death upon them at once.

I quote the summing up of the sentence as Bruzzone gives it:

“We condemn Giacomo Cenci to the severest torture and the penalty of death, and that he should be drawn in a cart through the town to the usual place of Justice, his flesh to be torn the while with red hot pincers, and then to be knocked on the head by the executioner till he die, and his soul be separated from the body, and the latter, after being torn to pieces, to be exposed on the scaffold to public view.

“As regards Beatrice Cenci and Lucrezia Petroni Cenci, we also condemn them, and order them to the severest torture, and the penalty of death. They, according to custom, to be led to the same place of Justice, and

there to be beheaded, so that they die and their souls be separated from their bodies.

“Lastly, as regards Bernardino, there being just reasons moving our mind to pity, we order that he be conveyed in the same cart as the condemned to the place of Justice, there to be present at the execution as above, of Giacomo and Beatrice, respectively his brother and sister, and Lucrezia, his step-mother, and after let him be taken back to prison where, for a year’s time, let him stay in close custody, and in durance vile, and from there let him pass to the galleys, there to row incessantly, so that his life be constant anguish, and death his only hope of relief. Moreover, we condemn each one of them to the confiscation of all his rightful property.”

On the 10th of September, 1599, the Cenci were told that the next day their sentence would be carried out. It was a sad day in Rome, for all classes were in sympathy with the Cenci, except Clement and his satellites. When the condemned left the prison the bells

were tolled, and the drums rolled out their solemn call. The scaffold was erected directly in front of the Castle of St. Angelo. The sentence was carried out in all its horrible detail. Giacomo came first, Lucrezia next, then the beautiful Beatrice. She was dressed in white, and with her fair hair, and her pale face, Bruzzone describes her as looking like an angel. She ascended the scaffold with a firm step, knelt down, and with eyes turned heavenward cried out: "My God, I die innocent." She would have said more, but the executioner brutally seized her and struck off her head. He picked it up and held it to the gaze of the crowd. A cry of horror broke from all.

At midnight, the body of Beatrice was carried away and buried in the church of San Pietro Montorio, on the Janiculum Hill. A large procession of mourners followed, bearing flowers and candles. The church of San Pietro Montorio stands on the spot where St. Peter was crucified.

Bernardino was imprisoned in the castle of St. Angelo until February, 1601. Then he was exiled into Tuscany, where he died in 1626.

The confiscation of the large possessions of the Cenci followed their slaughter.

A relative of the Pope bought a part of the property for a fictitious price. Cardinal Barbarini, afterward Pope Urban VIII., took possession of a large share. The Cardinal Scipione Borghese acquired the part which lay near his own property, and together it made the famous Villa Borghese, which has recently been bought by the Government and is now called Villa Umberto Primo.

Two hundred years after the death of Beatrice, so many pilgrims visited her tomb, the monks of the convent of San Onofrio reversed the slab, hiding the inscription, and thereby destroying, as they thought, all traces of her.

The traveler who wishes to visit her grave must go to San Pietro in Montorio, go to the high altar, and on the right side, at the foot

of the altar steps, he will see a slab of white marble with no inscription. Under this stone Beatrice Cenci was buried.

Guido Reni, the last great Italian painter, was living in Rome at the time of the Cenci tragedy. Augustus Hare in his "Walks in Rome," says: "One morning at an early hour Farinacci, Beatrice's advocate, entered her cell in Savelli prison, and with him a young man about twenty-five. Farinacci talked with her for some time, while at a distance sat his companion sketching her face. Turning, she observed this; she seemed displeased. Farinacci explained that this was the famous painter, Guido Reni, who earnestly desired her picture; she was at first unwilling, but finally consented. She said, 'Signor Guido, from the fatality that surrounds me, you will judge me guilty. Perhaps my face will tell you I am not wicked. Your great name, and my sad story, may make my portrait interesting;' and she added with touching simplicity: 'The picture will awaken compassion, if you

will write on one of its angles the word, "Innocente." " " "

The artist in a short time produced the picture which hangs in the Barbarini palace and which has been chosen as one of the twelve great pictures of the world, and which every pilgrim to Rome goes to see.

Hawthorne says of it: "In fact, the picture of Beatrice Cenci is the very saddest picture ever painted, or conceived. It involves an unfathomable depth of sorrow, the sense of which comes to the observer by a sort of intuition. It is infinitely heart-breaking to meet her glance and to know that nothing can be done to help or to comfort her."

Pope Clement VIII., a few months after his butchery of the Cenci, commissioned Guido Reni to paint the Archangel Michael. He represents the moment when the Archangel and the angels have overcome that old serpent, the devil, and cast him out of the kingdom of heaven.

St. Michael stands with one foot planted

on the neck of the devil. It soon began to be whispered about that in the face of the Archangel there was a resemblance to Beatrice Cenci, and in the face of the devil a something that suggested the face of Clement VIII. One of the Cardinals said to Guido Reni, "It is believed that you wanted to portray His Holiness in the picture of the devil." "I——!" exclaimed Guido. "Still," began the Cardinal, "the devil"——"Well," broke in Guido, "is that my fault if the devil resembles the Pope?"

The picture is over the first altar on the right in the church of the Capuccini monks. A copy in mosaic is in St. Peter's church.

ANTONIO ALLEGRI

CORREGGIO

Between Modena and Mantua, in the little town of Correggio, was born in 1494 the greatest painter in the north of Italy. His name was Antonio Allegri. He is called Correggio from the town where he was born. He is one of Symonds' four archangels of painting. He describes him as "the Ariel or Faun, the lover and light-giver. He surprised laughter on the face of the universe and paints this laughter in ever varying movement."

When he was quite a young man he went to Parma, and there, in the Cathedral, the church of San Giovanni and the convent of San Paola, he did some of his greatest work. The frescoes in the dome of the Cathedral contain more than a hundred figures; the subject, the Assumption of the Virgin. It is full of glorious life, and wonderful in execution. The people of Parma did not appreciate it, and in 1530 the canons

of the church determined to have it effaced. Fortunately for the world before this was done, Titian passed through the city in the suite of Charles V. He could not say enough in praise of the work. He said to the people, "If you had filled the church with gold you would not have paid what it is worth."

In the museum at Parma is his St. Jerome, a picture of wonderful beauty. Browning, in Bishop Blougram's apology, makes the Bishop say:

"We mortals cross the ocean of this world
Each in his average cabin of a life;
The best's not big. How prepare?"

In making the list of furnishings, he says:

"And Parma's pride, the Jerome, let us add:
'Twere pleasant could Correggio's fleeting
glow
Hang full in face of one where'er he roams,
Since he, more than the others, brings with him
Italy's self."

Symonds says: "Turning from Correggio to Raphael we are struck by the affinities and differences between them. Both drew from their study of the world the elements of joy which it contains; but the gladness of Correggio was more sensuous than that of Raphael; his intellectual faculties were less developed; his rapture was more tumultuous and Bacchantic. Like Raphael, Correggio died young; but his brief life was spent in comparative obscurity and solitude, far from the society of scholars and artists, ignorant of courts, with no princely patronage. He wrought for himself alone the miracle of brightness and of movement that delights us in his frescoes and easel pictures. In his work there was nothing worldly that divides him from the Venetians, whose sensuousness he shared; nothing scientific that distinguishes him from Da Vinci, the magic of whose *chiaro-oscuro* he comprehended; nothing contemplative that separates him from Michelangelo, the audacity of whose design in dealing with forced attitudes he

rivaled. The cheerfulness of Raphael, the wizardry of Leonardo, and the boldness of Michelangelo met in him to form a new style, the originality of which is indisputable, and which takes us captive not by intellectual power but by the impulse of emotion; and when we call him the Ariel of painting, this means that we are compelled to think of him as an elemental spirit, whose bidding the air, and the light, and the hues of the morning obey."

He died March 5, 1534, in the forty-first year of his age. He was buried in the sepulcher of the family in the Franciscan convent at Correggio.

THE MADONNA OF ST. SEBASTIAN

Dresden can boast of the best work of Raphael in the north of Europe, and Dresden also has the finest Correggios. There are five in all, bought by Augustus the Third, Elector of Saxony. They originally belonged to the Duke of Modena. Augustus was physically a

splendid specimen of humanity, as all who have seen his portraits and the arms he wore will attest. He also loved and appreciated pictures and all works of art as no other did in his time. He therefore, notwithstanding his treasury was exhausted, and his people protesting at his extravagance, went on buying these things.

He gave his goldsmith carte blanche to make those wonderful things we see in the Green Vaults.

Perhaps we, too, might have stood aghast when he exchanged a regiment of Dragoons for thirteen Chinese vases. These can be seen in the Museum Johanneum.

Augustus was a bad sovereign and a bad general, but he founded the first museum of Europe, which was the chief glory of his little capitol, and which is its pride and crowning glory today.

The five Correggios are the Madonna of St. George, the Madonna of St. Sebastian, the Holy Night, the Madonna of St. Francis, and



MADONNA OF ST. SEBASTIAN



the Reading Magdalene. The first four hang side by side.

In the Madonna of St. Sebastian, the Virgin is in the midst of what is called "a glory;" she is surrounded by a choir of celestial spirits. Three saints worship her on the earth. In the center is St. Geminianus, who was Bishop of Modena in the 5th century. He holds in his hand the model of a church he built in Modena. He performed many wonderful miracles. In the 35th chapter of Gibbon is the story of his going to Constantinople to heal the daughter of the Emperor, the Princess Honoria, who was possessed of an evil spirit. When Attila the Hun was moving down on Modena to destroy it, it was spared through the intercession of St. Geminianus.

Before the unification of Italy the coins of Modena were stamped with his image.

At the left stands St. Sebastian bound to a tree and shot with arrows.

St. Sebastian was in the old days, and is now, the favorite saint of the Roman women.

He is the patron saint against plague and pestilence. He was born in Narbonne in Gaul of noble parents. He was handsome and brave. He was quite young when he was made captain of a company in the Praetorian Guards. He had all the qualities which go to make up the ideal soldier, and soon attracted the attention of the Emperor Diocletian, with whom he became an especial favorite. Sebastian was a Christian from his youth up, but secretly; to let it be known meant death. By keeping it a secret, he could work among his fellow soldiers with whom he was immensely popular. He made many converts to the new faith, among them his intimate friends, Marcus and Marcellinus. It was discovered that they had become Christians, and they were imprisoned and tortured. This they bore with fortitude. They were condemned to death. As they were led out to execution their wives, children and parents gathered around them and with tears in their eyes begged them to recant. Just as they were about to give up, Sebastian, who had



been watching, rushed forward and encouraged them to stand by their faith, to die rather than deny their Saviour.

So great was the eloquence of Sebastian that the Judge, the family of the condemned, and others listening were converted.

Marcus and Marcellinus were set free, but soon after were put to cruel death. Then Sebastian was arrested. The Emperor sent for him, offered him promotion, everything, if he would only renounce Christianity.

But Sebastian stood firm, not in the least moved by any of the Emperor's dazzling offers. At last, Diocletian very angry with him, ordered that he should be bound to a tree and shot to death with arrows. This was done, and the archers left him, as they thought, dead. Irene, the widow of Marcellinus, with others of the Christians, came at night to take the body and bury it. They found that he still breathed, the arrows had not touched a vital part. Irene took him to her own home and nursed him back to life. Then his friends

begged him to leave Rome, but he refused. He went straight to the palace, and stood by the gate through which the Emperor must pass on his way to the Forum. When Diocletian came out and looked at Sebastian he was badly shaken up, as may be imagined. His amazement soon turned to fury, and he ordered his men to seize Sebastian, take him to the Circus and beat him to death with clubs, and in order that he be entirely out of the way, ordered his body thrown into the Cloaca Maxima, the great sewer, built by Tarquin the Proud five hundred years before Christ, and which is in use today.

This was done, but his body lodged on some obstruction in the sewer, and was taken out by a Christian woman and buried in the catacombs. Out on the Appian Way is the church of St. Sebastian, which was built over this spot. Going through the catacombs you can see the place where St. Sebastian was buried, and near by him his friends Marcus and Marcellinus.

A recumbent marble statue of St. Sebastian by Bernini is under the high altar in the church.

The reason St. Sebastian is prayed to in times of pestilence is because of the association of the arrow with the plague. In the Trojan war, Chryses, the priest of Apollo, went to Agamemnon to beg him to ransom his daughter Chryseis, whom he had taken captive. Agamemnon wrathfully refused, and sent the old man away with bitter words. Chryses prayed to the Archer God to avenge his insult to his priest, and Apollo sent the arrows of the pestilence far and wide into the Grecian camp.

St. Roch was born in France of noble parents. He was not quite twenty when his parents died. They left him vast estates. He followed the advice of Christ to the rich young man, sold all his possessions and gave the money to the poor and to hospitals. He then started on foot to Rome in the dress of a pilgrim. Before he reached there he came upon

a plague-stricken city. He offered his services in the hospital. He was strangely successful in his ministrations. It seemed as if some peculiar blessing rested on his work. He was young and handsome, so naturally the people thought him an angel. He stopped at two other places where there was plague and attended the sick. When he reached Rome he found it also in the midst of a terrible pestilence. Here he devoted himself to the care of the most hopeless cases. The sick were healed by his prayers or by the sign of the cross, which he made as he stood over them. He left Rome and traveled from city to city, wherever there was pestilence. At last he came to Piacenza, where a frightful epidemic had broken out. One night he sank down, overcome by fatigue and loss of sleep. When he awakened he found himself plague stricken. The pain was so great that he cried aloud. Fearing to disturb those in the hospital, he crawled into the street. The guard would not allow him to stay there, lest he spread the

plague, so he crawled outside of the city gate into the edge of a wood, and laid him down as he thought to die; but an angel came and ministered unto him. When he recovered sufficiently to travel he decided to go to his home. When he arrived he was so changed no one knew him. He was arrested as a spy. The judge, his own uncle, looked at him without knowing him and sent him to prison. St. Roch, believing this to be the will of God, held his peace, told no one who he was. He stayed in prison five years. The jailer entering his cell one morning was astonished and dazzled by a supernatural light which filled the dungeon. His prisoner lay dead, and by his side a writing revealing his name, and these words: "All who are stricken by the plague and who pray for aid through the merits and intercession of Roch, the servant of God, shall be healed." The judge, when he saw this paper, wept and was filled with remorse. St. Roch was given honorable burial amid the presence and prayers of the whole city.

There would be an impropriety in representing St. Roch sleeping in the presence of the Virgin, were it not that the legend says he was healed while he slept.

The brotherhoods instituted in most of the towns of Italy and Germany for attending the sick and plague-stricken in time of public calamity were placed under the protection of the Virgin of Mercy, St. Roch and St. Sebastian.

Toward the close of the fifteenth century the Venetians, who were always in danger of the plague because of their commercial intercourse with the East, determined to send men to Montpellier, France, to get the relics of St. Roch, so that they might be forever immune from the plague. The senate appointed men to undertake this. They went disguised as pilgrims and succeeded in getting the sacred remains. On their return they were received with great honor by the Doge and by all Venice. This was in 1485. One of the most powerful branches of the brotherhood already



HOLY NIGHT

existed in Venice. It was called the Scuola di San Rocco.

The word Scuola can only be translated by the one word school, but these scuole were not institutions of learning, but charitable associations for the care of the sick, the burial of the dead, and the release of captives from the infidel.

The splendid church of San Rocco was built to receive the relics of the saint and near it was built what we would call the guild hall of the Scuola di San Rocco. There were five of these scuole in Venice, but that of St. Roch was the richest and most powerful. From Doge Antonio Grimani to the fall of the Republic, all the Doges were enrolled in the brotherhood of St. Roch. Its riches were so great it sometimes loaned money to the state in times of urgency or depression. On the 16th of August, every year, the Doge came in solemn state to implore St. Roch to avert the plague from the Republic. This is a votive picture. The presence of St. Roch and St. Sebastian

determines this, and the introduction of St. Geminianus, the patron of Modena, shows that the picture was painted for that city, which was destroyed by pestilence in 1512. The date on the picture is 1515.

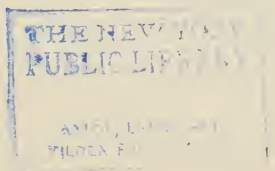
THE HOLY NIGHT

This is one of the twelve great pictures and many prefer it to any picture in Europe. It is the most famous of all Correggio's works. The child is receiving the homage of the shepherds, who have hastened to the spot upon hearing the glad tidings. It is night, and the scene is only rendered visible by a supernatural light which radiates from the babe. It illumines the face of the Blessed Mother and falls with dazzling splendor on the shepherds, whose features betray their amazement. It lights up the angels hovering in the air, who seem, as Vasari expresses it, "To have descended from heaven, and not created by the hand of man." The tenderness in the



DETAIL HOLY NIGHT

expression of the Virgin as she bends over her babe and the beauty of the child are wonderfully portrayed.



FRA FILIPPO LIPPI

Fra Filippo was one of the best artists of his time; he was the son of Tommaso Lippi, a butcher of Florence; he was born about 1412. Left an orphan at an early age he fell to the care of his Aunt Lappacia, who had no fondness for him, and when he was eight years old put him in the convent of the Carmine in Florence. He developed an extraordinary talent for drawing and painting. He left the convent about 1432. He was always called Fra Filippo. His life was most irregular, but he had for his patron and friend Cosimo di Medici, who was powerful enough to protect him in all that he did. There are many fine pictures by Fra Filippo in the galleries of Florence, Munich and Berlin. He died in Spoleto in 1469. A monument was erected to him there by Lorenzo the Magnificent.

Browning, in his poem, "Fra Lippo Lippi," makes him tell his own story to the man who arrested him one night in one of his escapades.



CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN

He ends his story with this:

“That is—you’ll not mistake an idle word
Spoke in a huff by a poor monk
Tasting the air this spicy night, which turns
The unaccustomed like Chianti wine.
Oh, the church knows! don’t misrepresent me,
now,

It’s natural a poor monk out of bounds
Should have his apt word to excuse himself;
And hearken how I plot to make amends.
I have bethought me: I shall paint a piece;
There’s for you! Give me six months, then go,
see

Something in Sant Ambrogio’s! I shall paint
God in the midst, Madonna and her babe,
Ringed by a bowery, flowery angel brood;
Lilies and vestments and white faces, sweet
As puff on puff of grated orris-root
When ladies crowd to church at mid-summer,
And then in the front, of course, a saint or
two—

St. John, because he saves the Florentines,

St. Ambrose, who puts down in black and white
 The convents' friends and gives them a long
 day;

And Job, I must have him there past mistake.

Well, all these.

Secured at their devotion, up shall come
 Out of a corner when you least expect
 As one by a dark stair into a great light,
 Music and talking, who but Lippo! I—
 Mazed, motionless and moon-struck

—I'm the man!

Back I shrink—what's this I see and hear?
 I, caught up with my monk's things by mistake,
 My old serge gown and rope that goes all
 round,

I, in this presence, this pure company!
 Where's a hole, where's a corner for escape?
 Then steps a sweet angelic slip of a thing
 Forward, puts out a soft palm—'Not so fast!'
 Addresses the celestial presence 'Nay——'
 He made you and devised you, after all,
 Though he's none of you! Could St. John
 then, draw—



DETAIL CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN

His camel-hair make up a painting brush?
We come to Brother Lippo for all that.
'Iste perfecit opus.' "

The picture thus explained is "The Coronation of the Virgin," now in the Academy of Fine Arts in Florence. The picture explains the poem, and the poem explains the picture. St. John Baptist stands in the right. Kneeling by him, his hands clasped, is Fra Filippo himself. A genuine portrait. Just in front of him is a kneeling cherub, from whose mouth come the words, "Iste perfecit opus." (He made this perfect work.) On the left stands St. Ambrose and near him is Job kneeling, across his breast a baldric, and on it "J. O. B." This is Job "past mistake."

The "bowery, flowery angel brood" stand round the throne, and in front is "the slender slip of a thing," with her soft palm outstretched, addressing the celestial presence.

FILIPPINO LIPPI

Filippino Lippi was born in 1457. There has been much discussion over his parentage. He is said to be the son of Fra Filippo and Lucrezia Buti. According to Vasari, Fra Filippo received a commission from the nuns of Santa Margherita to paint a picture for the high altar of their church at Prato, near Florence. In the convent was a beautiful girl, whom Fra Filippo chanced to see. She was the daughter of Francesco Buti. Fra Filippo asked the Mother Superior to allow Lucrezia to sit for the figure of the Virgin he was painting for them. (This picture is a Nativity of Christ. It was sent to Paris in 1812 and is still there.) The request was granted and the sittings began. This resulted in Fra Filippo falling in love with her, and persuading her to run away with him.

Documents have been found which go to show absolution from the monastic vows and



VISION OF ST. BERNARD

the marriage of Fra Filippo and Lucrezia, and it may be admitted that Filippino was their son.

When he was but twenty-three he painted the Vision of St. Bernard. It is his masterpiece. He died in Florence in 1505.

THE VISION OF ST. BERNARD

St. Bernard, Abbot of Clairveaux, was born of noble parents near Dijon, France, 1190. He was one of the most remarkable men of his time. He was educated at the University of Paris. At the age of 23 he entered the reformed Benedictine Monastery of Citeaux. The monastery became overcrowded and his Abbot sent him out to found another. The manner of their going was strikingly characteristic of the age; the Abbot chose twelve monks, representing the twelve apostles, and placed at their head a leader representing Jesus Christ, who, with a cross in his hand, went before them. Bernard led his followers to a wilderness called the Valley of Wormwood,

and there arose the celebrated Abbey of Clair-veaux. Bernard was chosen Abbot of the new house, a position he kept during his life. His fame attracted a great number of novices, many of whom became famous. Among them were Pope Eugenius III., six Cardinals and many Bishops.

In 1128 he prepared the statutes for the order of Knights Templars.

The feudal lords appealed to him to decide their differences, the ecclesiastics to settle questions of theology, and he was authority on all points of religious discipline. Louis VI. appointed him arbiter between the rival Popes, Anacletus and Innocent II., and when he decided in favor of Innocent, the whole church accepted the decision with perfect submission. He was the bitter adversary of Arnold of Brescia, and procured his banishment from Rome and Zurich. He had a public debate with Abelard on some doctrines of his philosophy and procured his condemnation. He courageously opposed the doctrine of the



DETAIL VISION OF ST. BERNARD

Immaculate Conception of the Virgin. He was the founder of 160 monasteries. He preached the second Crusade, but of all those whom his fiery exhortations had induced to go to Palestine very few returned.

The power, and tenderness, and simplicity that characterized his sermons and other works have secured him the admiration of Protestant and Catholic alike. Dante introduces him in the last cantos of the "Paradise" with profound reverence and admiring love. Dante says, "Bernard, he who drew light from Mary, as the morning star from the sun."

Bernard died at the age of sixty-three. Twenty years after his death he was canonized by Alexander III. He was remarkable for his devotion to the Blessed Virgin. One of his most celebrated works, the "Missus est," was composed in her honor as mother of the Redeemer. He wrote eighty sermons on texts from the Song of Solomon, in which he set forth her divine perfection, as the "Selected" and "Espoused," the type of the

church on earth. He was very feeble when he was writing these sermons. On one occasion when he became so ill he could scarcely hold his pen, the Blessed Virgin appeared to him, and comforted and restored him by her divine presence.

This is the subject of Filippino's picture. You will find it in the church of the Badia, over the altar of the first chapel to the left as you enter the church. It is painted on wood. It measures six feet seven inches wide, by seven feet one inch high. St. Bernard sits at a rude desk formed of the stump of a tree. He is robed in the white habit of the Cistercians, which order he founded.

On the rock beside him and just above his head, is placed his famous motto, *Sustine et abstine* (Bear and forbear). This can be seen distinctly with a glass. At the right are two demons chained. The chained demon is one of the attributes of the saint and signifies heresy. One of these is in the form of an owl. The time is early evening. The light in the

sky is the celestial light through which the Virgin and her train have just descended. The Virgin's face is in profile and how beautiful, delicate and pure it is! Her blue mantle is trimmed with gold. Her dress is a rich crimson. The angel by her side wears a yellow robe, the one on the other side blue. St. Bernard seems overcome by the beauty and wonder of the apparition. Above is another scene. St. Bernard and a brother monk are engaged in prayer. The saint is on the right, his hands clasped. The efficacy of these prayers is seen in the healing of the cripple whom another monk holds by the hand. Higher up two monks are bringing another cripple to be healed.

In the foreground on the right Filippino has introduced the portrait of the donor of the picture, Francesco di Pugliese. He kneels in adoration.

ALESSANDRO FILIPEPI

BOTTICELLI

In 1447 was born in Florence one of the most unique and fascinating of the Italian painters. His name was Alessandro (Alexander) Filipepi. His father wished to educate him, but Sandro (Alex) had no pleasure "in reading, writing or accounts." In despair his father turned him over to his friend, Botticelli, a goldsmith, begging him to try and teach the boy his craft. Botticelli had no trouble in doing this, for it was in art Sandro found his vocation. He takes his art name from his master. He soon tired of working in gold and silver and wanted to study painting; his father placed him with Fra Filippo Lippi. Sandro was so diligent, so enthusiastic, and showed such remarkable talent, that Fra Filippo became devotedly attached to him and gave him the most careful instruction. Usually the pupil is influenced in his style by his mas-

ter, but in all Botticelli's works there is not to be found the faintest suggestion of Fra Filippo. Sandro's style is his own, and is both unique and original. His figures walk with mincing step and fluttering drapery, while Fra Filippo's sit or stand in calm repose. He was admired and patronized by the Medici, but perhaps there is a better appreciation of Botticelli today than in his own time. He must have been an extensive reader in spite of his not caring for school. He seems to have had a knowledge of the classics, and he knew his Bible, knew it thoroughly too, else he could never have designed those pictures in the Sistine Chapel. He died in Florence in 1515 and was buried in the church of Ognissanti.

There is no artist in the long list of Renaissance painters about whom there is such a difference of opinion; not one that tries the standards of criticism so severely. Artists as a rule admire him greatly. Ruskin praises the pictures in the Sistine Chapel. They are

treated with great power, and that appealed to him.

Just above where the tapestries used to hang are twelve large pictures all designed by Botticelli. Three of them were painted by him. Ruskin says: "Not one person in a million in the Sistine Chapel takes the pains to study the conception, the design of the painter Botticelli. He is as much a theologian as a painter. Sandro endeavors to show us on the two walls of this chapel the power of inherited honor, the universal claim of divine law in the Jewish and the Christian church—the law delivered first by Moses, then in final grace and truth by Christ. He designed twelve great pictures, each containing some twenty figures the size of life, and groups of smaller ones scarcely to be counted; twelve pictures, six to illustrate the giving of the Law by Moses, and six the ratification and completion of it by Christ." Event by event, the jurisprudence of each dispensation is traced from dawn to close in this correspondence.

ALLEGORY OF SPRING



1. Covenant of Circumcision—Covenant of Baptism.

2. Moses entering on his ministry—Christ entering on his ministry.

3. Moses by the Red Sea—Peter and Andrew by the Sea of Galilee.

4. Moses receiving the law on Mt. Sinai—The sermon on the Mount.

5. The destruction of Korah—Christ giving the charge to Peter.

6. Death of Moses—The Last Supper.

One of Botticelli's most enthusiastic admirers is George Moore, an English artist and critic. He says: "Know ye the land where Botticelli and Filippo Lippi dreamed immortal dreams? Know ye Italy in the fifteenth century? An enchanted land, a land of angels and aureoles; of crimson and gold, and purple raiment; of beautiful youths crowned with flowers; of fabulous blue landscapes and delicate architecture. Botticelli is king there, king of clasped hands and almond-eyed Madonnas.

Filippo Lippi is prince there, prince of angel youths, with fair hair crowned with fair flowers. It was he who filled those angel eyes with passion such as awakens in heaven at the touch of wings, at the sound of citherns and viols. Know ye the land?

“There, art seemed for all men, and life only for architecture, painting, carving, and length of time for monks to illuminate great missals in the happy solitude of their cells, and for nuns to weave embroideries and to stitch jewelled vestments.”

It is generally conceded that the “Allegory of Spring” is Botticelli’s greatest work. The picture was painted for Lorenzo the Magnificent.

Edmund G. Gardner, in his “Story of Florence,” believes that it was inspired in part by Poliziano’s lines in honor of Guliano di Medici and his Bella Simonetta.

Botticelli nevertheless has given to his strange—not altogether decipherable—allegory a vague, mysterious poetry far beyond

anything Poliziano could have suggested to him. Through this weirdly colored garden of the Queen of Love, in "the light that never was on land or sea," blind Cupid darts upon his little wings, shooting, apparently at random, a flame-tipped arrow which will surely pierce the heart of the central maiden of those three, who, in their clinging white raiment, personify the Graces. The eyes of Simonetta—for it is clearly she—rest for a moment in the dance upon the stalwart Hermes (Mercury), an idealized Giuliano, who has turned away carelessly from the scene. Flora advances from our right, scattering flowers rapidly as she approaches; while behind her a wanton Zephyr, borne on his strong wings, breaks through the wood to clasp Fertility, from whose mouth the flowers are starting. Venus herself, the mistress of Nature, for whom and by whom all these things are done, stands somewhat sadly apart in the center of the picture; this is only one more of the numberless springs that have passed over her, since she

rose from the sea, and she is somewhat weary of it all.

W. J. Stillman in his "Old Italian Masters," says: " 'The Spring' is one of those allegories which fascinate by the insolvable puzzle they offer to the student. A representation of Springtime it is not. One side of the picture seems to have given the name to the whole. The interpretation of the allegory must be left to the ingenuity of the student. The central figure has no attribute which justifies the calling her Venus, or Juno, as some have done. The three figures are to be considered as the Graces only because they are three, and finally what has Mercury to do with Spring, rather than any other season? The trees loaded with fruit are not a possible attribute of the springtime. I believe it is rather a record of a pageant made for some one of the Medici and that this person is represented by the central figure, with allusions of an allegorical nature representing the virtues and beneficences attributed to her, or to the family. Mercury indicates



DETAIL ALLEGORY OF SPRING

her commercial prosperity; Cupid her fascination; the Graces her personal charm; the spring group, the awakening life and Renaissance of the regime; and the orchard the prosperity of the realm."

In the Uffizi is Sandro's "Magnificat," which, if not his strongest picture, is one of the most beautiful. The distribution of line through the picture is as perfect as the distribution of color. The Virgin is in the act of writing the Magnificat, "My soul doth magnify the Lord." Angels cluster round to crown their Queen. Pictures in which the Madonna is holding her child, while angels place a crown on her head, do not represent the Coronation, properly so-called, but merely show the Virgin honored as Mother of Christ and Queen of Heaven. Angels offer her ink and book or look to see what she has written, while the Dove hovers above her. But all these beauties are subordinate to the Virgin's head. How beautiful it is. The heavy coils of her fair hair are covered with filmy gauze, edged with

lace, and Sandro has painted it in such delicacy of fold that it seems but the magic of an instant's hallucination. The Christ child holds a pomegranate with the seeds displayed. This was the ancient emblem of hope, and more particularly of religious hope. It is often placed in the hands of the child who presents it to his mother. In the background of the picture is seen a lovely landscape.

The Virgin seems to be anticipating the Passion of her child—so unmistakably divine—and the angel faces are said to be idealized portraits of the Medici children. The head of the figure behind the Virgin is the portrait of Lorenzo the Magnificent in his youth.

Mrs. Jameson says: "As I walked through the Uffizi day after day, I never failed to stop in admiration before this picture."



THE MAGNIFICAT

JUDITH

In the Uffizi is Botticelli's Judith. It is a small picture and therefore easily overlooked.

This was a favorite subject of all the artists, and Judiths are found in every gallery. Ruskin says: "There is only one true to the legend, and that is Botticelli's."

The story can be found in full in the Book of Judith, one of the apocryphal books of the Bible.

Nebuchadnezzar, King of Assyria, started out to conquer his world. He sent his mighty captain, Holofernes, to conquer Judea. They encamped before the city of Bethulia, close to the fountains, cutting off the water supply of the city.

After thirty-four days the water in the cisterns was exhausted, men, women and children fainted for thirst, and fell down in the streets of the city, and there was no longer any strength in them. Then the people came to

the rulers, and demanded that they should give the city over to Holofernes, for they said, "It is better we should be slaves to him than die of thirst."

Ozias, the governor, said, "Wait yet five days and if help does not come, I will do as you demand."

When Judith, the widow of Manasses, heard this she sent for the governor and the two princes, and after upbraiding them for their lack of faith in the God of their fathers, said: "Ye shall stand this night in the gate, and I will go forth with my waiting woman, and within the days that ye have promised to deliver the city to our enemies, the Lord will visit Israel by my hand."

Judith went to her house, took off the garments of her widowhood, put on her most beautiful apparel, and all her ornaments of gold, and with her maid started for the Assyrian camp. When they reached the gate of the city they found Ozias and the two princes. They wondered at her beauty, and said, "The

God of our fathers give thee favor to accomplish thy purpose."

The first watch of the Assyrians met her and asked, "Of what people art thou? And whither goest thou?" And she said, "I am a woman of the Hebrews, and am fled from them, for they shall be given you to be consumed, and I am coming before Holofernes, and I will show him a way whereby he shall go and win all the hill country, without losing the body, or life, of any one of his men." Her words and her wonderful beauty conquered the guards, and they said, "We will lead you to our lord, and when you come into his presence, do not be afraid, tell him your story, and he will entreat you well." They made up a company of a hundred men to go with Judith and her maid to the tent of Holofernes. As she walked through the camp, the soldiers gathered in crowds to gaze upon her, marveling at her beauty.

Holofernes was resting on his couch, under a canopy woven with purple and gold, and

emeralds, and precious stones. When he was told of the coming of this woman, he came out of his tent, with silver lamps carried before him. He with the others marveled at her great beauty. He welcomed her, and assured her that no harm should come to any who served his Lord Nebuchadnezzar.

Then Judith made him a speech, so full of subtle flattery that Holofernes, from that moment her captive, said, "There is not such a woman from one end of the earth to the other, both for beauty of face and wisdom of word." She staid three days in the camp, going out each night by permission of Holofernes to pray.

The fourth day he made a great feast, and invited her. She ate and drank what her maid had prepared. Holofernes drank more wine than he had drunk at any time in one day since he was born. When the evening came the weary servants were dismissed, for the feast had been long, and only Judith remained in the tent. Holofernes lay on his bed in a drunken sleep. Judith took his sword, took



JUDITH

hold of his long hair, and said, "Strengthen me, O Lord God of Israel, this day," and she smote him upon his neck with all her might and she took away his head from him, and tumbled his body down from the bed, pulled the canopy down upon it, and went forth, and gave Holofernes' head to her maid, who put it in the bag in which she carried her meat. So the two went, according to their custom, unto prayer.

After they passed the camp, they hastened to their own city. Judith cried to the watchman, "Open, open now the gate. God, even our God, is with us, to show his power yet in the land."

And when the men of the city heard her voice they made haste to go down. They made a fire for a light and she cried with a loud voice, "Praise, praise God, praise God I say, for He hath not taken away His mercy from the house of Israel, but hath destroyed our enemies by mine hand this night." So she took the head out of the bag and showed it, and said unto

them, "Behold the head of Holofernes; the Lord hath smitten him by the hand of a woman."

The picture shows Judith and her maid well up the hill toward Bethulia. Below in the valley is the camp of the Assyrians.

Ruskin says, "The triumph of Miriam over a fallen host, the fire of exulting mortal life in an immortal hour, the purity and severity of a guardian angel—all are here."

ANDREA DEL SARTO

No one can go to Florence without becoming a lover of Andrea del Sarto, and it is only at Florence one can see him at his best. He was the son of a tailor (Sartore). Andrea del Sarto means the tailor's Andrea. He was the pupil of Piero di Cosimo—Piero, whose quaint humor and eccentric habits make one of the most amusing chapters in Vasari.

George Eliot introduces Piero to us early in *Romola*, and he goes with us to the end of the book. He is the same Piero who, stepping into Nello's barber shop that April day in 1492, fixed his keen eyes on Tito and said, "Young man, I am painting a picture of Sinon deceiving old Priam, and I would be glad of your face for my Sinon, if you'd give me a sitting." The same Piero who painted the portraits of *Romola* and *Tito* as the crowned *Ariadne* sitting by the side of young *Bacchus*; the same Piero whom we see for the last time

as he comes up the Borgo Pinti, bringing flowers for Romola to dress the altar on the morrow for Fra Girolamo's Festa. Andrea was rightly called the faultless painter. In drawing, color, everything pertaining to the technique of art, he was above criticism.

He fell in love with a beautiful, heartless woman. His life with her killed all that was best in him. Nothing was left him but his faultless hand and her faultless face. In Browning's poem, "Andrea del Sarto," the whole tragedy is distilled into the right words, the whole man raised up and reclothed with flesh. Look at the portrait of Andrea and Lucrezia, painted by himself. His face tells the story more than any written words. The glory and vision are all gone. He grew morose and jealous; he abandoned his own father and mother, and was completely changed under her baneful influence. He lived a disappointed and embittered man, yet he clung to his wife through everything, bearing all the torment she brought, for the great love he bore her.



ANDREA DEL SARTO AND LUCREZIA

Poor Andrea! How near Browning brings us to him that summer night as he sits by Lucrezia's side looking out on Fiesole, speaking half to himself, half to her.

"But, do not let us quarrel any more,
No, my Lucrezia; bear with me for once:
I often am much wearier than you think.
This evening more than usual, and it seems
As if—forgive now—should you let me sit
Here by the window, with your hand in mine,
And look a half hour forth on Fiesole,
I might get up tomorrow to my work
Cheerful and fresh as ever.

* * * * *

I am grown peaceful as old age tonight.
I regret little, I would change still less.
Since there my past life lies, why alter it?

* * * * *

Love, we are in God's hand.
How strange now looks the life he makes us
lead;
So free we seem, so fettered fast we are!
I feel he laid the fether: let it lie."

Poor Andrea! How well he understood that the something which made the pictures of many of the other artists divine was wanting in his, and which he voices in these words:

And that cartoon, the second from the door—
It is the thing, Love! so such things should
be—

Behold Madonna!—I am bold to say
I can do with my pencil what I know,
What I see, do easily, too—when I say, perfectly,
I do not boast, perhaps: you yourself are
judge,
Who listened to the Legate's talk last week.
At any rate 'tis easy, all of it!
No sketches first, no studies, that's long past:
I do what many dream of all their lives,—
Dream? Strive to do, and agonize to do,
And fail in doing, but,
There burns a truer light of God in them,
In their vexed beating stuffed and stopped-up
brain,

Heart, or what else than goes on to prompt
This low pulsed forthright craftsman's hand
of mine.

Their works drop groundward, but them-
selves, I know,

Reach many a time a heaven that's shut to me,
Enter and take their place there,
Though they come back and cannot tell the
world.

My works are nearer heaven, but I sit here.

* * * * *

Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for? All is silver gray,
Placid, and perfect with my art: the worse!
I know both what I want and what might gain,
And yet how profitless to know, to sigh
"Had I been two, another and myself,
Our head would have o'er looked the world!"
No doubt.

Yonder's a work now, of that famous youth,
The Urbinate, who died five years ago.

('Tis copied, Giorgio Vasari sent it me.)

Well, I can fancy how he did it all,

Pouring his soul, with kings and popes to see,
Reaching, that heaven might so replenish him,
Above and through his art;

That arm is wrongly put—and there again—
A fault to pardon in the drawing's lines,
Its body, so to speak: its soul is right,
He means right—that, a child may understand.
Still, what an arm! and I could alter it.

But all the play, the insight and the stretch—
Out of me, out of me! And wherefore out?
Had you enjoined them on me, given me soul,
We might have risen to Raphael, I and you!
Nay, Love, you did give all I asked, I think—
More than I merit, yes, by many times.

But had you—O! with the same perfect brow,
And perfect eyes, and more than perfect
mouth,

And the low voice my soul hears, as a bird
The fowler's pipe, and follows to the snare—
Had you, with these the same, but brought a
mind!

Some women do so. Had the mouth there
urged

“God and the glory! never care for gain.
The present by the future, what is that?
Live for fame, side by side with Angelo!
Raphael is waiting: up to God all three!”
I might have done it for you. So it seems;
Perhaps not. In heaven, perhaps, new chances,
 one more chance—
Four great walls in the New Jerusalem,
Meted on each side by the angel’s reed,
For Leonardo, Raphael, Angelo and me, to
 cover.

King Francis I. saw some of Andrea’s pictures and determined to have some of them. Francis was a connoisseur and a greedy collector. France may well be proud of her art. She owes much to Francis I. He sent for Leonardo da Vinci, for Rosso, for Benvenuto Cellini and lastly for Andrea del Sarto. The works of these men form some of the principal attractions of the Louvre today.

Andrea received the invitation of the king with great joy, and at once set out for Paris.

His work gave the greatest satisfaction, and a brilliant future seemed about to open before him, but one day there came a letter from Lucrezia, which made him decide to go home. He made a solemn oath on the gospel, before the king, that he would return in a short time. The king gave him a large sum of money with which to buy pictures and statues. When once under the spell of Lucrezia he forgot everything. The money which the king had entrusted to him he spent, he built himself a house with part of it. When the time came to return he had none of it left, but in spite of this, he wanted to go back and make the best amends he could. Lucrezia willed otherwise and he remained with her. Of this too he speaks, as he sits by her side that summer night.

In this world, who can do a thing, will not;
And who would do it, cannot, I perceive:
Yet the will's somewhat—somewhat, too, the
power—

And thus we half-men struggle. At the end,
God, I conclude, compensates, punishes,
'Tis safer for me, if the award be strict,
That I am something underrated here,
Poor this long while, despised, to speak the
truth.

I dared not, do you know, leave home all day,
For fear of chancing on the Paris lords.
The best is when they pass, and look aside;
But they speak sometimes; I must bear it all.
Well may they speak! / That Francis, that
first time

And that long festal year at Fontainebleau!
I surely then could sometimes leave the
ground,

Put on the glory, Raphael's daily wear,
In that humane great monarch's golden look,—
One finger in his beard or twisted curl
Over his mouth's good mark that made the
smile,

One arm about my shoulder, round my neck,
The jingle of his gold chain in my ear,
I painting proudly with his breath on me,

All his court round him, seeing with his eyes,
Such frank French eyes, and such a fire of
souls,

And best of all, this, this, this face beyond,
This in the background, waiting on my work
To crown the issue with a last reward!

A good time, was it not, my kingly days?
And had you not grown restless—but I know—
'Tis done and past; 'twas right, my instinct
said;

How could it end in any other way?
You called me, and I came home to your
heart.

You beautiful Lucrezia that are mine!

* * * * *

The very wrong to Francis!—it is true
I took his coin, was tempted and complied,
And built this house and sinned, and all is
said.

My father and my mother died of want.
Well, had I riches of my own? You see
How one gets rich! Let each one bear his lot.

* * * * *

See, it is settled dusk now; there's a star;
Morello's gone, the watch-lights show the wall,
The cue-owls speak the name we call them by.
Come from the window, Love—come in, at
last,

Inside the melancholy little house
We built to be so gay with. God is just.
King Francis may forgive me: oft at nights
When I look up from painting, eyes tired out,
The walls become illumined, brick from brick
Distinct, instead of mortar, fierce bright gold,
That gold of his, I did cement them with!

After the siege of Florence was over, Andrea hoped he might be re-instated into the favor of King Francis, but this hope was never realized. The soldiers brought the plague with them, and Florence was one vast hospital. Lucrezia, for whom he had thrown away fame and honor, fled from him, leaving him to die alone and uncared for.

The picture of Andrea and Lucrezia is in the Pitti Palace.

Mrs. Anna Benneson McMahan says: "What is known as the 'New Criticism,' denies that Andrea painted this picture. They ascribe it to an unknown artist of the Venetian school, and the portraits are considered to be two unknown persons. Whether right or wrong, no critical conclusion can ever destroy the charm of the poem called *Andrea del Sarto*. By whatever name we call the picture, to whatever artist we assign it, the story which Browning read between the lines of the two faces looking out from the canvas is no less eloquent than the monologue, no less dramatically expressive of that type of artist who just misses his place among the very greatest by reason of his lack of spiritual power and grace. For years hundreds of persons daily had passed unmoved before this picture in the Pitti gallery; one day the man of supreme dramatic imagination, the poet, paused, and to him the lips seemed to move and the heart to throb with a tale of love, and woe, and resigned despair. Since that time there are none who

read the poem who do not wish to see the picture itself, or failing in that, some reproduction of it."

THE MADONNA OF ST. FRANCIS

The Madonna of St. Francis, or the Madonna of the Harpies, as it is sometimes called, is one of Andrea del Sarto's most beautiful pictures. It is called the Madonna of the Harpies because of the Harpies which Andrea placed at the corners of the throne on which the Virgin stands. Why he did this, who can tell? The Harpies were among the most disgusting creatures of Greek Mythology. Fortunately, these are not very large, and Andrea gave them beautiful faces. This is the one fault in an otherwise faultless picture. St. Francis stands on one side of the throne, St. John the Evangelist on the other.

The Virgin is said to be an idealized portrait of Andrea's handsome wife. The picture is in the Uffizi gallery in Florence.

The figure at the right of the throne is St. John the Evangelist. He was the son of Zebedee and brother of James the Great. He was the disciple whom Jesus loved, he was ever with the Master; he was on the mountain, and saw the Transfiguration; he leaned on the bosom of Christ at the Last Supper; he stood by the Cross in the hour of agony; he received the last words of Jesus concerning his mother; he assisted in taking the body from the cross and in laying it in the new tomb. He went with Peter, after the death of Mary, throughout Judea, preaching the gospel of Christ. Later he lived at Ephesus, and while there founded one of the seven churches. Tradition says he lived to be a hundred years old, and that he wrote his gospel at the age of ninety. The eagle is his symbol. In Greek art he is represented as an old man, with flowing beard. In western art he is usually represented as young and beautiful, sometimes as middle aged, and never old, except when he is represented on the island of Patmos, writing the Revelation.



MADONNA OF ST. FRANCIS

His attributes besides the eagle are the pen, and book and cup, the latter either with the serpent or the consecrated wafer. The cup with the serpent coming from it illustrates the legend told by St. Isadore. When St. John was in Rome an attempt was made to kill him. The poison was put in the sacramental cup. When he took the cup, the poison came forth in the form of a serpent, while the assassin, hired by the Emperor Domitian, fell dead at his feet. His proper colors are a blue or green tunic, with red drapery. In Andrea del Sarto's picture he is represented as young and beautiful; he is standing and holds the book.

On the left stands St. Francis of Assisi. Matthew Arnold says: "In the beginning of the thirteenth century there appeared in Italy to the north of Rome, in the beautiful Umbrian country at the foot of the Apennines, a figure of the most magical power and charm, St. Francis. His century is, I think, the most interesting in the history of Christianity, after its primitive age, more interesting than even

the century of the Reformation, and one of the chief figures, perhaps the very chief, is St. Francis. And why? Because of the profound, popular instinct which enabled him more than any man since the primitive age to fit religion for popular use. He brought religion to the people. He founded the most popular body of ministers of religion that has ever existed in the church. He transformed monachism by uprooting the stationary monk, delivering him from the bondage of property, and sending him as a mendicant friar to be a stranger and sojourner, not in the wilderness, but in the most crowded haunts of men, to console them and do them good."

Renan said that, next to Jesus, St. Francis of Assisi was the sweetest soul that ever walked this earth.

St. Francis' real name was Giovanni Bernardone. He was called Francesco, the Frenchman, because of his proficiency in French. His father was a wealthy merchant, and had large dealings with France. In his

youth Francis was beloved by every one, because of his kind heart and gentle manner. As he grew older he lived a gay life, spending money lavishly, dressing splendidly. During one of the quarrels between Assisi and Perugia Francis was taken prisoner and remained so for one year. On his return home he had a long, serious illness—came near to death. During this time his thoughts were turned toward God, and he resolved, if his life was spared, he would forsake his old ways. After his recovery he started out one day richly dressed as usual. He met a ragged, filthy beggar, who asked for alms. Francis recognized him, for he had once been one of the richest and noblest of the city; filled with pity he took off his rich clothes, and put them on the beggar, and taking the beggar's ragged clothes, put them on himself. That night he had a dream. He found himself in a magnificent chamber filled with beautiful things, jewels and arms of all kinds, and these arms were all marked with the sign of the cross, and in the

midst stood the figure of Christ, who said to him: "There are the riches reserved for my servants, and the weapons wherewith I arm those who fight in my cause." When Francis awoke he believed God intended him for a great captain. Soon afterward he went to the church of San Damiano to pray. This church stands near the western gate and was in ruin then, as it is today. He knelt before the crucifix to pray; he heard in his soul a voice, which said to him, "Francis, repair my church which falleth to ruin." He, not understanding, thought the church in which he knelt was meant. He hastened home and taking some pieces of cloth and other merchandise from his father, sold them and gave the money to the priests of San Damiano to repair the church. His father was very angry, so angry that Francis feared him and ran away and hid himself in a cave for several days. At last he came out and started home, but he was so changed, so thin, so dirty and wild-looking, no one knew him. The children in the street hooted at him and



DETAIL MADONNA OF ST. FRANCIS

called him a madman. Francis took it all patiently and humbly, believing it to be one of the trials which he was to suffer in the new life, to which he believed he was called. His father, when he saw him, believed him mad, bound him, and shut him up in his own room. His mother went to him, spoke words of pity and love, unbound him and begged him not to shame his parents and friends by such behavior. At last his father took him to the Bishop, a most holy man. When Francis saw the Bishop he took off his clothes, threw them at his father's feet, saying, "Henceforth I recognize no father but Him who is in heaven." The legend says that the Bishop wept with admiration and tenderness, and ordered his attendants to furnish a cloak for Francis. It was of the coarsest stuff, taken from a beggar who was standing near by. Francis received it joyfully as the first fruits of poverty to which he had dedicated himself. He was then in his twenty-fifth year, and from that time forth he lived as one who had cast away life.

He first went and took care of some lepers in a leper hospital. For a time he wandered over those beautiful Umbrian mountains, from Assisi to Gubbio, singing with a loud voice, so the legend says, and praising God for all things; for the sun that shone above; for the day and the night; for his mother, the earth; and sister, the moon; for the winds that blew in his face; for the pure, precious water. "Praised be my Lord," he sang, "for our sister water, who is very serviceable unto us, and humble and precious and clean." He praised God for the flowers under his feet, and the stars above his head; he saluted and blessed all creatures, whether animate or inanimate, as his brethren and sisters in the Lord.

Thus in prayer, penance and charity he passed a few years. He begged his food. What alms were given him he gave to the reparation of the church of St. Damiano, and other churches in the vicinity. Among these was the chapel at the foot of the hill, on which Assisi is built and called S. Maria degli Angeli.

Here he lived in a narrow cell. The fame of his piety and humility attracted to him several disciples. One day at mass he heard a sermon from the text, "Take nothing for your journey, neither shoes, nor bread, nor money, nor two coats." Believing it especially meant for him he adopted it as his rule of life. He was already barefoot, poorly clad, and a mendicant. He owned but one thing he considered superfluous, this was his leather girdle. He threw it from him, substituting a hempen cord, which his followers afterward adopted. Then he went forth to preach the gospel of repentance, of charity, of humility, of a new life, preached from his great loving heart, believing that God put the words that he spoke into his mouth. It was a time of ferment and unrest; the gay sensuous life was gone, men were looking for the speedy coming of anti-Christ, they were excited by the marvelous and melted by the pathetic, and "the words of St. Francis," says Mrs. Jameson, "fell upon them like sparks of fire upon dry summer grass." St. Francis

was one of the world's greatest evangelists. Nothing like his preaching had ever been heard. He brought comfort to those who mourned, and peace, and hope, to the poor and down-trodden. Many joined themselves to him. It was then he conceived the idea of uniting men into a society, and for purposes new to the world. He adopted as the rule of his society, "Poverty, Chastity and Obedience." They were to possess nothing. He would not allow any temporal goods to be vested in his order; he would not allow any building or convent, that he might say with truth that he possessed nothing; hence the picturesque allegory of his espousal with the Lady Poverty. At last St. Francis went to Rome to have the Pope confirm his order. The Pope, Innocent III., looked upon him as a crazy enthusiast, and refused; but that night the Pope had a vision. He saw the walls of the Lateran tottering, and kept from falling by St. Francis. He immediately sent for him and granted him the privileges he desired for his society, and gave him

full dispensation to preach. St. Francis gave his brothers the name "Fрати Minori," to signify that humility should be their chief attribute, and that each should strive for the lowest, instead of the highest place. St. Francis had the "gift of tears." He wept constantly, we are told, for his sins, and those of the world. He determined to go to Egypt and Syria, and preach the gospel there, hoping to die the death of a martyr. He went to Damietta, was taken before the Sultan, who thought him a harmless lunatic and sent him home. A few years later Pope Honorius confirmed his order. He then resigned his office, as its head, and retired to a cave in Mt. Alvernus. Here he fasted and prayed, his thoughts always upon things above. On one occasion, after he had fasted fifty days, and was in an ecstasy of prayer, looking up he beheld a wonderful vision. He saw a seraph with six shining wings bearing down from above, and between his wings, the form of the crucified one. He was overcome by the vision; after he had recovered from it, he saw im-

printed on his hands, and feet, and side, the wounds of the Saviour. This event is known as St. Francis receiving the Stigmata. This is the event which obtained for him the title of "The Seraphic." St. Francis out of his great humility desired that this should not be known, but he could not conceal these marks, and they were seen by many.

His last days were full of suffering and as death approached he wished to be placed on the ground to die there. He attempted to repeat the 141st Psalm, and as he repeated the last verse, "Bring my soul out of prison," he died. His body was carried to Assisi and buried in the spot which he himself had chosen, and which from that time became consecrated ground. Assisi has become the Jerusalem of Italy. In 1228, two years after his death, he was canonized by Pope Gregory IX., and in the same year the foundation for the magnificent church at Assisi, which bears his name, and which covers his grave, was begun. It was an object of interest to the Christian world.

Nearly all the Princes of Christendom sent offerings. Assisi granted the quarries of marble; the best artists of the time decorated it within and without.

J. Addington Symonds describes in his own beautiful way an Easter morning in Assisi. He says: "We are in the lower church of St. Francis. High mass is being sung with orchestra, and organ, and choir of many voices. Candles are lighted on the altar, over-canopied with Giotto's Allegories. Women in bright kerchiefs kneel upon the stones, and shaggy men from the mountains stand or lean against the wooden benches. The whole low-vaulted building glows duskily, the frescoed roof, the stained windows, the figure crowded pavements blending their rich but subdued colors, like hues upon some marvelous moth's wings.

"Over the whole scene, in the architecture, in the frescoes, in the colored windows, in the gloom, on the people, in the incense, from the chiming bells, through the music, broods one spirit, the spirit of him who was the 'co-es-

poused, co-transfornate with Christ,' the ardent, the radiant, the beautiful in soul, the suffering, the strong, the simple, the victorious over self and sin, the celestial, who trampled upon earth and rose on wings of ecstasy to heaven, the Christ inebriated saint of visions, supersensual and life beyond the grave. Far down below the feet of those who worship God through him, St. Francis sleeps; but his soul, the incorruptible part of him, the message he gave the world, is in the space around us. This is his temple. He fills it as an abiding spirit, felt everywhere, nowhere seized, absorbing in itself all mysteries, all myths, all burning exaltations, all abasements, all love, self sacrifice, pain, yearning, which the thought of Christ, sweeping the centuries, hath wrought for men.

“Let therefore choir and congregation raise their voices on the tide of prayer and praise, for this is Easter morning, Christ is risen. Our sister ‘Death of the Body,’ for whom St. Francis thanked God in his hymn, is reconciled to us this day, and takes us to the gate whence

floods of heavenly glory issue from the faces of a multitude of saints.”

THE FOUR SAINTS

In the Academy of Fine Arts in Florence is a group of four saints in Andrea's most perfect style. The saints are Michael the Archangel, Giovanni Gualberto, John the Baptist and Bernard of Uberto. St. John Gualberto appears only in Florentine pictures. He was the founder of the Order of Vallambrosa. He was born in Florence of rich and noble parents. When he was a young man, his only brother, Hugo, was killed in a quarrel with a nobleman. Gualberto, whose grief and fury were stimulated by the rage of his father and the anguish of his mother, vowed to kill the man who had murdered his brother. His opportunity came on a Good Friday evening. As he was on his way to his father's villa, about half way between Florence and the church of San Miniato, at the point where the

road turns to the right, he met his man; with a gesture of fury he drew his sword. The murderer seeing no escape fell on his knees, stretched out his arms in the form of a cross, and begged Gualberto to have mercy in the name of Him who that day suffered on the cross. Gualberto, struck by the appeal, and remembering that Christ as he hung on the cross prayed for his murderers, stayed his uplifted hand, sheathed his sword, lifted up his brother's murderer, and bade him go in peace. He went on to the church of San Miniato, entered and kneeling before the crucifix, wept and prayed for mercy, and he believed that the image bowed its head. He should have mercy because he had shown mercy. Ever after he carried a crucifix. From that moment the world and all its vanities had no hold upon him. He entered the Benedictine order in the convent of San Miniato; after a time he left this convent and went to Vallambrosa, about twenty miles from Florence, renowned for its poetical associations; here he



FOUR SAINTS

built himself a little hut in company with two other hermits. Others, attracted by his sanctity, collected around him. They took the rule of St. Benedict with some new obligations. The Pope confirmed the new order and St. John Gualberto lived to see twelve houses of his order spring up around him. The most celebrated after the parent house was the convent of San Salvi, about two miles from Florence. It is now in ruin. The church of the Trinita in Florence belongs to the monks of Vallambrosa. The crucifix before which St. John Gualberto kneeled was removed from San Miniato and placed in the church of San Trinita. Guido Aretino of Arezzo, the greatest musician of his time, and the inventor of the modern system of notation, was a monk of Vallambrosa. It was for the Vallambrosans that Andrea del Sarto painted a "Last Supper," which is still to be seen in the ruined convent of San Salvi; also for them he painted the picture of "The Four Saints." St. Michael the Archangel comes first. He was the celes-

tial patron and protector of the community. St. John Gualberto stands next and he wears the gray habit of his order and holds a cross. The other two figures are St. John the Baptist, and St. Bernard, a cardinal and Bishop of Uberto, not St. Bernard of Clairveaux. This picture is considered one of Andrea's best. It is faultless in line, color, and all that goes to make up the technique of art.

ST. AGNES

The picture of St. Agnes is in the Cathedral at Pisa, and is a great favorite of the lovers of Andrea del Sarto. So ancient is the worship paid to St. Agnes that next to the Evangelists and Apostles there is no saint whose effigy is older. It is found on the ancient glass and earthen vessels used by the Christians in the early part of the third century. She is the favorite saint of the Romans. She was born in Rome. She was a Christian from her youth, and was as celebrated for her goodness, her



ST. AGNES

humility and her gracious sweetness as she was for her wonderful beauty. She was only thirteen when the son of the Prefect of Rome, as he rode through the city, saw her, and fell desperately in love with her. He asked her hand in marriage but was steadfastly refused. He brought her presents of great value, and magnificence, jewels, gems and all kinds of precious ornaments, but Agnes was not in the least dazzled by them. She rejected him and his gifts, telling him she was already betrothed to one who was greater and fairer than any earthly suitor. The young man, not knowing who she meant, went home sick with rage and jealousy, sick unto death. The physicians could not help him. Finally the youth told his father unless he had Agnes for his wife he would surely die. Then the Prefect, whose name was Sempronius, came to Agnes and besought her to accept his son. Agnes made the same answer as before. The Prefect did not understand and asked the neighbors to what great prince Agnes was betrothed. They said,

“Do you not know that Agnes is a Christian, and that the husband of whom she spoke is none other than Jesus Christ?” The Prefect rejoiced at this, for now he thought he had her in his power. He sent for her, told her as she would not accept his son she should enter the service of the goddess Vesta. She refused, saying she would not serve a false God. Sempronius in his rage ordered her limbs loaded with chains and that she be dragged before the altar of the Gods. At last he ordered her burned at the stake. When the fire was kindled it was as suddenly extinguished. Finally one of the executioners put her to death with a sword. Her friends took her body and carried it to the cemetery outside the gates and day and night the Christians assembled there to pray. One day St. Agnes appeared before them in shining raiment and by her side a snow white lamb. She told them not to weep for her for she was forever united to Him whom she preferred to all others on earth. The lamb was ever after her emblem. In this picture she

holds the palm of the martyr and the lamb is by her side.

The picture hangs on the last column on the right of the nave as you face the high altar and not far from the lamp whose swaying suggested to Galileo the pendulum. The picture is beautiful. The colors are as fresh as if painted yesterday. All Cathedrals are dark, so the picture cannot be seen at its best. The light is never good, and on a dark day it is almost impossible to see it, which is a matter of regret to all tourists.

FRA BARTOLOMMEO

In the little Tuscan village of Savignano, about ten miles from Florence, in the year 1467, was born Bartolommeo del Fattorino, according to the Tuscan custom called Baccio. He lived many years near the gate of San Piero in Florence, and for this reason was called Baccio della Porta. When he was thirty years old he became a Dominican monk and was called Fra Bartolommeo or Il Frate. At the age of nine he began to study art with Cosimo Rosselli. He was influenced in great degree by Leonardo da Vinci. He drew in the gardens of San Marco; he studied the frescoes of Masaccio in the church of the Carmine; he went to the Palazzo Vecchio and studied the famous cartoons of Michelangelo and Leonardo. Going about the city, his eye was being unconsciously trained, his perceptive faculties educated by the constant presence of a universally recognized standard of art.

The little house in the midst of the garden by the gate of San Piero was well suited to Baccio's tastes. He was never attracted by the gay life of Florence, so when not actively engaged his quiet home had the greatest charm for him. He was fond of the company of learned and sober men; fond of listening to preaching. His mind seemed naturally to have had a religious bent.

Baccio painted some Madonnas of such refined, tender, exquisite beauty, they attracted the attention of the Dominican monks who sent for him and gave him a commission to paint a "Last Judgment" in their church of San Marco. While doing this work he was lodged in the convent. Here he came under the influence of the prior of the convent, Fra Girolamo Savonarola, and became devotedly attached to him.

On Palm Sunday, April 8, 1498, Savonarola preached a short sermon in the church of San Marco, in which he offered himself a sacrifice to God, and was prepared to suffer death. The

end had come. From Vespers until midnight the hooting, howling mob surged round the church and convent. The great bell of the convent tolled and tolled, but it brought no relief from without. The mob at last burst the doors and fought their way to the great hall of the Greek Library, where they found Savonarola with his monks around him and the Blessed Sacrament before him, going on with the service as calmly as if all was peace within and without. Just here Baccio came to the turning point in his career. The gentle painter did not know how timid he was until that day, and while the brave novices and monks were fighting with wooden crucifix or whatever came in their way, Baccio, demoralized through fear, hid himself, and vowed if his life were spared he would dedicate himself to a religious life. He escaped unharmed and shortly after the death of Savonarola he took the vows and became the Dominican Friar, Fra Bartolomeo, leaving his unfinished work for his friend, Mariotto Albertenelli, to complete.



SAVONAROLA

He was one of the best of the Florentine school. Solidity and sincerity distinguished his work in every detail. This we would expect from our knowledge of his character, for consciously or unconsciously the artist paints himself. Symonds says: "It may truly be said of Fra Bartolommeo that every picture he painted was an anthem of praise sung to the pealing organ, and lifting the soul and sense at once like a divine strain of harmony."

His death caused the deepest grief to his friends and to the monks of his order, by whom he was tenderly loved. They buried him in San Marco on the 8th day of October, 1517.

SAVONAROLA

The first and only genuine portrait of Savonarola was painted by Fra Bartolommeo. It hangs in his cell in the convent of San Marco. When you go to Florence, you will of all places go to San Marco, the convent of Fra Angelico, of the good Bishop Antoninus, of Savonarola

and of Fra Bartolommeo. No black and white robed monks guard now its doors. It is the property of the government, and chapter house, refectory, library and the monks' cells are all open to the public. I wonder if any one enters its doors without a thrill at his heart! It was here Savonarola preached to crowds of eager listeners and it was here at last that Florence, gone mad, besieged it, athirst for his blood. Here is his cell, and here are preserved his Bible, his crucifix, his rosary, his chair, and a fragment of the pile on which his body was burned. Those who love George Eliot's *Romola* will remember that it was here *Romola's* brother *Dino* died, it was here she came to confession, it was here she came to plead with Savonarola for the life of her godfather, *Bernardo del Nero*.

Fra Bartolommeo painted this portrait of Savonarola shortly after the burning of the Pyramid of Vanities in the Piazza della Signoria. Vasari says of it: "Baccio della Porta, for the love he bore Fra Girolamo,

painted a picture, wherein was his portrait, which is indeed most beautiful." Vasari's standard of beauty would perhaps differ from our own.

Mrs. Oliphant says: "No other portrait possesses the homely reality and character of this. It is not the conventional prophet nor the preacher conscious of his mission, but the benign leader, the father for whom those white robed novices fought at the door of the choir, the man who threw himself with the natural fervor of love and fellow feeling into the hearts and lives of other men, and ruled Florence by the great affection he bore her."

Says George Eliot: "There was nothing transcendent in Savonarola's face. It was not beautiful. It was strong featured, and owed all its refinement to habits of mind, and rigid discipline of the body.

"As he called Romola back that day when she was fleeing from Florence and Tito, the impression his glance produced on her, as she stood nearly as tall as he, and looked straight

into his eyes, was the sense it conveyed to her of interest in her and care for her, apart from any personal feeling—a gaze in which simple human fellowship expressed itself in a strongly felt bond.”

It seems to me this is what every one must feel in looking at this portrait. It was this side of Savonarola's nature that appealed to Fra Bartolommeo. It was this side of his nature that Romola felt, and which she voices in her words to Lillo, the last words in the book: “Never mind, there are many good people who did not love Fra Girolamo. Perhaps I should never have learned to love him if he had not helped me when I was in great need.” Forever dominating not only San Marco but Florence herself, stands Savonarola. “He died mute, unjustified, his life's work undone, and the Kingdom of God he had labored to found shaken to its very foundations; but only a few years later, and under a Medicean Pope (Leo XI.), he is solemnly rehabilitated by the church.

“Today the historian estimates him at his true value, devotees make pilgrimages to his cell. Fra Bartolommeo paints him as the patron saint of his order, and Raphael places him in a frescoed paradise among a glorious company of prophets and sages. Ferrara, his birthplace, raises his statue before the Castle of the d’Este family. In the Palazzo Vecchio, in the Grand Hall of the Council he so labored to secure, the Florentines of the nineteenth century have placed a statue of the mighty monk.

“In his famous Lenten sermons preached in the Cathedral, Savonarola prophesied that a deliverer would come to Florence. After a little more than three hundred years the prophecy was fulfilled, the deliverer came not from without but from within, not only to save Florence but the country—a king whose proudest title was that of an honest man, a soldier who unsheathed the sword of righteousness. Italy is free from the Alps to the Straits. The narrow jealousies and fierce civic hatred of

province to province, and town to town, have vanished before the grand idea of national unity, an idea nobler than that of the great reformer, and Florence can again write 'Liberty' above the Lion and the Lily.

"The ashes of Savonarola, which were sown broadcast to the wind, have borne seed in the days when the land cherishes the dust of patriots and writes upon the stones of its cities the names of Mazzini, and Garibaldi, and Cavour, and Victor Emmanuel."

After the most brutal torture Savonarola was hanged and his body burned in the Piazza della Signoria on the 23rd of May, 1498. The place in the pavement where the scaffold stood is marked, and on the 23rd of May it is heaped with violets placed there by citizen and stranger in loving memory of Fra Girolamo Savonarola.

LEONARDO DA VINCI

Leonardo da Vinci was born in 1452 at the Castle Vinci, about half way between Florence and Pisa. He was the natural son of Messer Pietro, a notary of Florence and landed proprietor at Vinci. The student of psychology, were he to search the records of the whole world, could not find a more intricate puzzle to solve than the personality of Leonardo da Vinci. It seems as if all the gods had brought a gift at his birth. He was painter, poet, sculptor, anatomist, architect, engineer, chemist, machinist, musician, botanist and master of each, and yet what a poor, inadequate result in actual product he has left to the world in comparison with his astonishing powers and his length of days. He was so beautiful of person, says Vasari, that no one has sufficiently extolled his charm; so eloquent of speech, that those who listened to his words were fain to answer "yes" or "no" as he thought fit. Symonds

calls him the wizard or diviner; to him the Renaissance offers her mystery and lends her magic. Curiosity and love of the uncommon ruled his nature, and art and science were never separated in his work. He invented machinery for water mills and aqueducts, he devised engines of war, discovered the secret of conical rifle bullets, adapted paddle-wheels to boats, and in one of his manuscripts he said, "It is my firm conviction that with the aid of steam a boat could be set in motion." He projected new systems of siege artillery, investigated the principles of optics, designed buildings, made plans for piercing mountains, raising buildings, connecting rivers, draining marshes and clearing harbors. There was no branch of study whereby nature through the effort of the inquisitive intellect might be subordinated to the use of man of which he was not master. His patience was no less marvelous than the quickness of his insight.

The conquest of the air was always in his mind. He made numberless designs of wings

to fly. In one of his manuscripts are these words: "The human bird shall take his first flight, filling the world with amazement, all writings with his fame, and bringing eternal glory to the nest whence he sprang." He tells of how in his boyhood he watched the flight of cranes, and hearing their cry, fancied it a summons to himself, and how he wept with disappointment that he could not fly. He loved the story of Icarus and his wings and when bidden by his teacher to name the greatest of ancient heroes, he answered without a moment's hesitation, "Icarus, son of Dædalus."

Leonardo spent thirty years at Florence, nearly twenty years at Milan, and after nineteen years of wandering, he sinks to rest under the protection of Francis I. at the Chateau de Clou in France.

The most interesting part of his life is the twenty years at Milan. He went there under the patronage of Ludivico Sforza, Duke of Milan. Here the great genius had ample scope for all his talents, and it was here he painted

his immortal picture of "The Last Supper." The death in child-birth of the Duchess Beatrice was followed in Ludivico by one of those paroxysms of religious feeling to which he was occasionally subject. The result of this one was the giving the order to Leonardo to paint in the refectory of the convent della Grazie "The Last Supper." Near the convent stands the Dominican church of Santa Maria della Grazie (St. Mary of the Graces). This was the favorite shrine of Beatrice. She spent her last days here, full of gloomy presentiment, and here it was that Ludivico had mass said a hundred times a day for the repose of her soul.

On the damp wall of the refectory, Leonardo painted "The Last Supper." He was not content to paint in fresco. The new method of painting in oil appealed to him, and he must needs experiment with it; but on a plastered wall no method could here have been less durable. Within fifty years it was practically gone.



THE LAST SUPPER

Mr. Symonds says: "Such as it is, blurred by ill usage and neglect, more blurred by impious repainting, that fresco must be seen by those who wish to understand Da Vinci." He undertook to paint a moment, to delineate the effect of a single word upon twelve men seated at a table and do this without sacrificing the tranquility demanded by ideal art, and without impairing the divine majesty of Him from whose life the word has fallen. We know not whether to admire most the perfection of the painter's art, or his insight into spiritual things. The picture has called forth much literature, but of all that has been written Goethe's sketch is by far the best. He says in part:

"The place where this is painted must be first considered, for here the knowledge of this artist is focused. Could anything more appropriate, or noble, be devised for a refectory than a parting meal which the whole world will reverence forever?"

Several years ago when traveling we beheld this dining room still undestroyed.

Opposite the entrance of the refectory stood the table of the prior. On both sides of him the tables of the monks, all of which were raised a step from the floor, and when the visitor turned around he saw painted on the fourth, above the doors which are of but moderate height, a fourth table and Christ and his disciples seated at it, as if they belonged to the society. At meal times it must have been a telling sight when the tables of the prior and Christ looked upon each other as two opposite pictures and the monks at their places found themselves enclosed between them, and just on this account the artist was compelled to take the tables of the monks as a pattern, also the tablecloth with its worked stripes and tied corners was taken from the wash room of the monastery. The plates, dishes and cups are like those which the monks used. Here was no attempt at imitating an uncertain antiquated costume. It would have been highly improper to sketch out the holy company upon cushions in this place. No, the picture must

be brought near to the present. Christ must take his last supper with the Dominicans at Milan. Also in many other respects the painting must have produced a great effect. The thirteen figures about ten feet above the floor, one-half larger than life size, take up the space of twenty-eight feet in length. Only two whole figures can be seen at the opposite ends of the table, the rest are half figures. Let us now imagine ourselves in the place; let us consider the moral repose which prevails in such a monastic dining hall, and let us admire the artist who has infused into this picture powerful emotion, passionate movement and at the same time has kept his work within the bounds of nature, and thus brings it into close contrast with the nearest reality. The means of excitement by which the artist arouses the quiet holy group, are the words of the Master. "There is one among you who shall betray me." They are spoken—the whole company falls into disquiet, but he inclines his head with eyes cast down. The whole attitude, the

motion of the arms, of the hands, everything repeats with submission the unhappy words. "Yes, it is not otherwise, there is one among you who shall betray me." How much Leonardo has expressed in these hands! The one hand, with down turned and averted palm, clearly says: "If it be possible let this cup pass from me." The other, with upturned and receptive palm, calmly indicates the words: "Not my will, but thine be done." It is by the motion of the hands that Leonardo principally enlivens his picture.

This device, however, only an Italian could discover. With his nation, his whole body is full of animation, every limb participates in the expression of feeling of passion, even of thought. By various motions and forms of the hand he expresses what he thinks almost as well as by words. To such a national peculiarity Leonardo, who observed every characteristic point with the closest attention, must have turned his careful eye. In this respect the picture is unique and one can

scarcely observe it enough. The figures on both sides the Saviour may be considered by threes and each of these again must be brought into unity, placed in relation and still held in connection with its neighbors.

First on the right side of Christ are John, Judas and Peter. Peter, the most distant in consonance with his violent character, when he hears the word of the Lord, hastens up behind Judas who, looking up affrighted, bends forward over the table and holds with his right hand firmly closed the purse, but with the left makes an involuntary, nervous movement as if he would say, "What does that mean?" In the meanwhile Peter has with his left hand seized the right shoulder of John, who is inclined toward him, and points to Christ and at the same time urges the beloved disciple to ask who the traitor is. He strikes a knife handle which he holds in his right hand inadvertently into the ribs of Judas, whereby the affrighted forward movement which upsets the salt cellar is happily brought forth. This

group may be considered as the one which was first thought out by the artist. It is the most perfect. If now upon the right hand of the Lord immediate vengeance is threatened with a moderate degree of motion, there arises upon his left the liveliest horror and detestation of the treachery. James, the elder, bends back from fear, extends his arms, stares with his head bowed down as one who sees before him the monster which he has just heard of. Thomas peers from behind his shoulder and approaching the Saviour raises the index finger of his right hand to his forehead. Philip, the third of this group, rounds it off in the loveliest manner. He has risen, bends toward the Master, lays his hand upon his breast and declares with the greatest clearness, "Lord, it is not I, thou knowest it. Thou seest my pure heart. It is not I."

And now the last three figures of this group give us new material for thought. They talk with one another about the terrible thing they have just heard. Matthew, with a zealous

motion, turns his face to the left toward his two companions. His hands on the contrary he stretches with rapidity toward his Master, and thus by the most ingenuous artifice unites his own group with the previous one. Thaddeus shows the most violent surprise, doubt and suspicion. He has laid his left hand open on the table and has raised the right as if he intended to strike his left with the back of the right, as if to say, "Have I not said so; have I not always supposed it?" Simon sits at the end of the table, full of dignity. We therefore see his whole figure. He, the eldest of all, is clothed with rich folds. His countenance and movements show that he is astonished and reflecting—not excited, scarcely moved.

If now we turn our eyes to the opposite end of the table we see Bartholomew, who rests on his right foot with the left crossed over it, supporting his inclined body by firmly resting his hands upon the table. He is probably trying to hear what John will ask of the Lord. This whole side appears to be inciting the

favorite disciple. James, the younger, standing near and behind Bartholomew, lays his left hand on Peter's shoulder, but James mildly requests the explanation whilst Peter already threatens vengeance.

And as Peter behind Judas, so James the younger stretches out his hand behind Andrew, who, as one of the most prominent figures, expresses with his half-raised arms and his hands stretched out directly in front, the fixed horror that has seized him, an attitude occurring but once in this picture, while in other works of less genius and less reflection it is too often repeated.

The head of Christ, although never finished to the satisfaction of Leonardo, yet is the type which has been presented to us by all succeeding generations of painters, so that our mental image of him is associated inseparably with the clear, oval countenance, the long hair parted in the middle, and the expression of sweet and pensive benignity. Beside the imperfection of the methods of the artist and

the dampness of the walls the picture has suffered every kind of misfortune and indignity. It had been restored, the monks cut a door through the lower part of it, the imperial arms were nailed on it close to the central figure, and Austrian and French soldiers in turn vied with each other in desecrating the place and destroying its chief treasure.

Francis I. ordered Bernardino Luini to make three copies. One is in Lugano, one in Madrid and one in St. Germain, France. The copy by Marco d'Oggione, which used to be in the Chartreuse convent at Paris, is now in the possession of the Royal Academy, London.

MONA LISA

In 1498 the French entered Milan, Ludivico Sforza was taken prisoner, and ended his days at Loches, in Touraine. Leonardo went from Milan to Florence, and between 1501 and 1504 he painted the world famous portrait of Mona Lisa Gherardini, the third wife of Fran-

cesco del Giocondo of Florence. Francesco and Leonardo were old and intimate friends. Sterling Heilig, a Paris newspaper correspondent, in an article written July 20, 1909, says:

“Crowds of American tourists stand around it all summer, fascinated by its lifelike qualities, held by its mystery, awestruck by its reputation, puzzled, interested, willing to be interested, troubled, inquiring, disappointed, even asking in a whisper if it is the right one.

“Tourists of all grades of culture know they ought to like this picture, the most famous portrait of all time, the ‘Sphinx of Beauty,’ Leonardo’s ‘Mona Lisa,’ treasure of the Salon Carre of the Louvre.”

I have known rude and honest-minded men to scoff at the Mona Lisa—then go back to her again and again. Were they touched by the historic fact that Francis I. paid 4,000 gold florins for this portrait of an Italian woman he had never seen or heard of, and that he



MONA LISA

kept it locked jealously in his gilded room in Fontainebleau, or that Louis XIV. hung it in his bedroom at Versailles? I think not. What the honest-minded Philistine worried over was, what is she smiling at?

Other old masters—as celebrated in their line—did not thus trouble them. There is a mystery and a fascination about the portrait independent of the extraordinary things which the world's geniuses have discovered in it.

It is not a portrait that becomes interesting because we know something of the woman it represents. On the contrary, the woman grows interesting because we have this portrait of her.

What is she smiling at?

Taine discovered in her smile that she had been flirting with Leonardo. Her smile so upset Michelet, the historian, that he used to go to the portrait "in spite of himself, as the bird goes to the snake," he says. Theophile Gautier discovered that she is flirting with the whole world. Paul Bourget says that the smile of Mona Lisa will never be defined, it

being copied mystery. According to Charles Clement, thousands of men have listened to the lying words of those perfidious lips. George Sand found it as frightening as a Medusa or a Sphinx. Arsene Houssaye declared her to be Satanic. Jeoffroy is sure she is a disenchanted pessimist. The English Walter Pater has revealed to the world that she is an encyclopedia. He says: "It is a beauty wrought out from within upon the flesh, the deposit cell by cell of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions. Set it for a moment beside one of those white Greek goddesses or beautiful women of antiquity, and how would they be troubled by this beauty, into which the soul with all its maladies has passed! All the thoughts and experience of the world have etched and moulded there, in that which they have of power to refine and make expressive the outward form, the animalism of Greece, the lust of Rome, the reverie of the middle age, the return of the Pagan world, the sins of the Borgias. She is older than the rocks

among which she sits; like the vampire she has been dead many times and learned the secret of the grave; and has been a diver in deep seas and keeps their fallen day about her; and trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants; and, as Leda was the mother of Helen of Troy; and, as St. Anne, the mother of Mary; and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments, and tinged the eyelids and hands."

The only remaining thing to say was added by the illustrious Italian Carotti: "She is the emanation of the intellectual, sentimental and poetic power of her time, with all the mystery of the human soul and all its destiny."

"During 400 years past," says M. Gruyer, curator of the Louvre paintings, "the Mona Lisa has addled the wits of those who have talked about her, after having looked too long upon her."

He ought to know; he is a most distinguished

art historian and the personal custodian of the lady.

"Four centuries is rather much," replies another cool expert, Salomon Reinach, the very type of the exact modern archaeologist, refusing geniuses the right to create facts breaking in on lofty theories with a marriage or death certificate. He is the Curator of the St. Germain Museum, a remarkably distinguished man and well known in America.

And Salomon Reinach has pricked the bubble of the Mona Lisa.

He has nothing against the immortal portrait itself! On the contrary, he delights in its unapproachable naturalness and the charm of its perfect execution. Up to Vasari, he says, this is what the world saw in the Mona Lisa. He quotes Vasari:

"He who would know to what point art can imitate nature has but to study this head; because Leonardo has rendered the least details with extreme finesse."

And Felibien:

"There is such grace and sweetness in those eyes and features that they appear living."

"That is all right," approves Salomon Reinach, "and the good people who, standing before a painting, get themselves laughed at for saying 'It is nature,' say in a word what the critics of ancient Greece and the Renaissance developed more amply. Leonardo himself asked nothing more of a portrait. 'I have seen,' says Leonardo, 'a portrait so full of resemblance that a dog belonging to the original took it for his master and manifested his delight.'"

"But with romanticism," says Reinach, "a new element forced itself into art criticism. It became subtle, refined, mysterious. Works to be admired had to have something enigmatic, must envelop an unknown something which the critics would disentangle. And no chef d'oeuvre has been so much 'solicited' as Mona Lisa by the amateurs of hidden meaning."

All this so annoyed Salomon Reinach

that he finally began looking Mona Lisa up. What did he discover? He discovered a very pathetic, very tender thing.

“What is she smiling at?”

You shall learn what she is smiling at. No one would have dreamed it!

Leonardo da Vinci took four years (1501-1504) to paint the wife of his friend, Francesco del Giocondo; and, so far from his being in love with her or she with him, he dropped both portrait and sitter again and again, on a moment's notice, to go on pleasure or business trips. Reinach is a terrible man. He hunts for a date through a hundred manuscripts until he finds it. Leonardo quit Florence in 1499, to return only in 1501. In 1502 he traveled in Umbria as architect of Valentine Borgia. He returned to Florence in 1503, went on a pleasure jaunt to Venice in 1505, returned and went to Milan in 1506. That is not four years of loving contemplation, is it?

The truth is that Leonardo painted the portrait gratis for his friend the husband, drop-

ping it when business called. It bears every mark of such a non-paid, purely friendship portrait to the last, in which the painter sells it to a third party.

Obviously the painting itself was not much either to Leonardo, the husband, or to Mona Lisa herself. Yet its execution was everything. A word of Vasari put Salomon Reinach on the track of the mystery. Leonardo was a very good friend of Francesco del Giocondo, and painted his wife, when he had time—to distract her mind from a great and abiding sorrow.

Vasari says that when he painted Mona Lisa, Leonardo “surrounded his model with musicians, singers and buffoons to keep her in gentle gayety and so avoid the melancholy aspect we observe in most portraits.”

“The conclusion is pure Vasari,” says Reinach; but the fact is a studio tradition which Vasari could not have invented. What melancholy of Mona Lisa did her husband’s friend, the painter, go to the expense of employing professional entertainers to drive away?

Salomon Reinach has found it. We know the melancholy of Mona Lisa. Married in 1495, she had no children until 1499; then came a little daughter. Salomon Reinach remembers that once a librarian of Florence communicated to Muntz, the great French art historian, an extract from the ancient "*Libro dei Morti*"—records of deaths in Florence. By this it appears that on June 1, 1501, the little daughter of Francesco del Giocondo was buried from the church of Santa Maria Novella.

Why, the very costume of Mona Lisa in the picture is heavy mourning.

How is it that none of the transcendent experts observed it? She has no rings, no jewelry. Her costume is even the heaviest mourning. Reinach proves, by letters of Isabella d'Este and her mother, written from Florence at exactly this date, that a mantle of Irish lace over a "sombre tinted" corsage might have been worn in full mourning for a sister.

Mona Lisa is in heavy mourning.

“What is she smiling at?”

You see now. Her smile is a constrained smile, the best she can do to please the kindly painter who has paid singers, musicians and buffoons to entertain her.

This explanation of Mona Lisa's smile was both new and deeply interesting, but was it true? I determined to find out. I wrote to Mr. Reinach, and received a most gracious reply. I quote from his letter:

“I am glad to hear that my old, uncanny Leonardo has a friend and votary in remote Indiana. What you quote from the article you have is correct. The French article appeared in the *Bulletin of Music*, 1909. A very correct summary of it appeared in the *New York Nation*, to which I occasionally contribute. I don't think they translated the whole of it, because I quoted some very stupid and improper things, written by some idiot about poor and pure Mona Lisa.

“I am absolutely convinced that Mona Lisa is in mourning, and that her smile is that of

the distressed mother under the influence of some effort to make herself smile. I do not see my way to suspecting any love affair, indeed we never hear of Leonardo being in love. He was a rather queer gentleman, and liked to be surrounded by fashionable youths, like Melzi or Salaino, thus imitating Plato, in whom he was interested to such a degree that he imitated his Academy."

JACOPO PALMA

PALMA VECCHIO

Jacopo Palma was born near Bergamo about 1480. He is called Palma Vecchio (old) to distinguish him from his nephew, Jacopo Palma, also an artist. The latter is called Palma Giovane (young). Like all the Venetian artists, Palma Vecchio excelled in color. He had three beautiful daughters. Violante, the most beautiful, was Titian's first love, and it is her face which we see in many of his early pictures. Titian worked in a style which is more closely allied to the style of Palma than to any other artist of the time. Palma Vecchio was greatly beloved by his brother artists and by the Venetians. He was called the "Gentle Palma." He died in 1528. His masterpiece is the Santa Barbara, in the church of Santa Maria Formosa in Venice. The original church was built by a Bishop of Uderzo in obedience to the Virgin, who desired him to

erect a church in her honor wherever he saw a white cloud rest. The cloud floated before him and where it rested he built the church of St. Mary the Beautiful. It was rebuilt in 1492. Over the first altar to the right is Santa Barbara. It is a portrait of Violante. She is standing in a majestic attitude, looking upward with inspired eyes. Her dress is a rich, warm brown, and over it a mantle of deep crimson. Her hair is pale gold, a white scarf is knotted in her hair and diadem. In color, in richness, in softness, and in expression it is unsurpassed. Cannon are at her feet, and her tower is seen behind her.

The picture was painted for the Bombardieri. Santa Barbara was the patroness of soldiers, who come here to venerate her shrine. Santa Barbara was the only daughter of Dioscorus of Heliopolis, a very rich noble. She was wonderfully beautiful and her father fearing she would marry and leave him, shut her up in a high tower. The stars were the chief objects of her interest, and as she watched



SANTA BARBARA



them night after night, and meditated on them by day, she came to believe that the gods of wood and stone worshipped by her father could not have created these wonders.

By some means she heard of the famous Christian teacher Origen, who lived at Alexandria; she longed to know of this new doctrine he was teaching; she wrote him a letter, to which he replied, sending it by one of his own disciples disguised as a physician, who perfected her conversion and baptized her.

Her father was absent on a long journey. Before he left he sent a skilled architect and workmen to make a bath room of wonderful beauty in the tower. One day Barbara came to inspect the progress of the work. Seeing only two windows, she ordered a third to be put in. The workmen hesitated, but she said, "Do as I command, you shall be held guiltless." When her father returned he at once noticed this third window. He was very angry and asked his daughter why she had ordered the third window. She replied, "Know, my

father, that through three windows doth the soul receive light, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, and the three are one." Her father's rage knew no bounds.

He hated the Christians, and rather than his daughter should be one of the despised sect he would himself kill her. All his love was turned to hate, he drew his sword, she fled to the top of the tower, he pursued her, but an angel hid her from his sight, and carried her away. A shepherd betrayed her hiding place to her father. He had her put into a dungeon where she was scourged and tortured. She never faltered for an instant, rather rejoicing to suffer for Christ's sake. Her father, seeing that she would never yield, carried her away to a mountain and put her to death with his own sword.

She is sometimes represented holding the palm of the martyr; sometimes the chalice and wafer.

Those in danger of lightning, firearms and sudden death invoke the protection of Santa Barbara. Her peculiar attribute is the tower.

It sometimes has three windows, sometimes two.

The two most celebrated pictures in which she appears are the Sistine Madonna and the Santa Barbara of Palma Vecchio.

TIZIANO VECELLIO

Tiziano Vecellio, called Titian, was born in 1477 in the town of Cadore, high up in that wonderful and strange range of mountains called the Dolomite Alps. They are some sort of stone that centuries of wind and rain, keen frost, melting snow and rushing water have worn, and cut, and carved into a thousand shapes of beauty and wonder. Tiziano da Cadore (Titian of Cadore) he is often called. His father was a distinguished soldier, his great uncle was Bishop of Odezza. His inheritance from his ancestors was a magnificent physique and a steadiness of nerve which the strain of nearly a hundred years was unable to shake. Titian was eminently the painter of dignity and repose, of the majesty of nature and man, and this majesty and dignity came from the lessons taught him by the great mountains, the peace of infinite skies and all the rest-

ful forms of nature. Titian was but a child when he came to Venice, and what a change it must have been for the boy from Cadore to the splendid city lying upon the sea. He studied with the Bellini, who did not approve his hasty and bold methods. He then went to Giorgione. He was slow in gaining recognition, but from the moment he painted the "Tribute Money," his star began its ascent.

The fortieth year of the sixteenth century finds Titian, a man of sixty-three, in a position never attained by any artist save Raphael and Michelangelo. But Raphael died young, and Michelangelo disclaimed the pleasures of society, while Titian was the center of a circle which comprised the wealth, rank and genius of Italy. He lived in a splendid home in that part of Venice which looks out on the Island of Murano, and beyond in the distance he could see the mountains in which Cadore lay nestled. In 1532 Titian was brought into direct relation with the Emperor Charles V., whom he immortalized in the portraits he produced. For this

Charles made him Count Palatine and Knight of the Golden Spur, and his children nobles of the Empire.

Titian had the faculty which so few men possess, of charming his contemporaries, to whatever grade they might belong, and if he had enemies it was because envy had not creased to be a vice of that time. There was not an artist in Venice who could hope to equal him.

Titian at sixty imparted to his art not only the outward semblance, but the secret and to many unrevealed subtleties of nature. It was an art which displayed the charm whilst it concealed the realism; not an imitation only, but an embodiment of results attained by analysis of cause and effect, telling what nature tells in nature's mysterious hidden way.

"Three lives," says Pino, "has Titian, one natural, one artificial, the third eternal."

"All that Titian's figures want," says Biondo, "is a voice; in all else they are nature itself."

“Nature,” says Ridolfi, “surrendered to Titian and took its laws from his pencil.”

“In everything,” writes Boschini, “Titian’s art was similar to nature. Milk feeds his babes; he weaves the stuffs; by him the arms are wrought; he transfers the trees, the hills and plains to his picture; his animals have but just issued from the ark, and his joy or grief are alike infectious. So long as nature lives Titian will also live.”

Titian was one of the greatest, if not the greatest, portrait painters the world has ever seen. His portraits comprise all the noted people of his time, kings, princes, patricians, poets, scholars and warriors. With these magnificent portraits he has helped to make the history of his age.

After four hundred years Titian stands the first colorist of the world. The truth and beauty of Titian’s color may be appreciated and admired by all. But it is only to the artist whose multiplied hours of toil have not succeeded in approaching one of its tones that its

supreme excellence is manifest. When we think of Titian we think of him as a happy man. He saw no fault in the world in which he lived. He loved it, comprehended it, and reproduced it as it was. He was first among his rivals visited at his own house by the kings of France and Poland, a favorite of Charles V., of Philip II., of Pope and Doge and Prince. He was overwhelmed with commissions, liberally compensated, pensioned and enjoying to the utmost his good fortune. He lived in great state, dressed splendidly and, although not very learned, he was keen of perception, and life-long familiarity with courts had taught him the elegancies of such a life. We are told that he was very courteous and his manners were those of a Prince. He was industrious to the greatest degree. He was devoted to his three children; his eldest son Pomponio was a bitter disappointment. He led a gay and dissipated life and brought much sorrow to the family. Orazio worked with his father in the studio, and acted as his agent.

His daughter Lavinia was her father's favorite, and it is her face we see in many of his pictures. "At Cadore Titian was born. At Cadore he lived until he was ten years old. To Cadore he returned year after year for love of kindred and mountains. There, after the death of his wife in 1530, he took refuge with his three motherless children. Then in 1560 he came again, old but not bent, and bearing the titles of Count of the Empire and Knight of the Golden Spur. There also he intended to go in 1576, when the plague was sweeping Venice; but brave and strong to the last, he delayed until the edict was passed forbidding any one to leave the city. So in Venice he died, ninety-nine years old, alone and forsaken, and the pestilence which took his life thwarted his last wishes, for none dared carry his body to Cadore as he had willed." It was doubtless thrown into a trench with thousands of others.

CATARINA CORNARO

Titian's portrait of Catarina Cornaro in the Uffizi in Florence is interesting because of the romantic career of the young woman. She was the beautiful Venetian girl adopted and dowered by the Republic as an only daughter, then given in marriage to King James of Cyprus. She was only fourteen when she was betrothed to King James in the Grand Hall of the Council in the Doges Palace.

When she was eighteen the impressive ceremony took place before the high altar in San Marco, which made her the wife of King James and Queen of Jerusalem, Cyprus and Armenia.

Perhaps Venice never saw a more gala day than that in 1472 when Catarina set forth for Cyprus. The Bucentaur lay before the Palazzo Cornaro, in waiting for the Queen of Jerusalem, Cyprus and Armenia. In cloth of gold, and all regal attire, she stood in the doorway of her father's palace. The Doge himself



CATARINA CORNARO

led her into the galley, and seated himself by her side. Slowly and majestically the splendid barge moved through the Grand canal, followed by the prayers and good wishes of thousands of her countrymen. At the Lido, the Admiral of the fleet from Cyprus waited with his ships to take his young and beautiful Queen to his sovereign. King James died one year after the marriage and after various political intrigues she was prevailed upon to abdicate her sovereignty, and was given in exchange the whole region of Asola, in the Dolamites.

She was permitted to retain the title of Queen and sign herself Queen of Jerusalem, Cyprus and Armenia and Lady of Asola. For twenty years she held her mimic court here.

Raphael's friend, the brilliant Cardinal Bembo, came from the court of Lucrezia Borgia at Ferrara and was a guest at the Palace. He celebrated the beauties of Asola in a poem written on the marriage of Fiametta, the beautiful and favorite attendant of the Queen.

Tradition tells of the splendid palace, of the fountains fed from the hills, of the great avenues and groves, of the splendid frescoes on the outer walls of the palace. Giorgione painted on one of the towers a superb portrait of the Queen on horseback. All that remains of it now are the foundations, some bits of low wall and what was once the clock tower.

Robert Browning, when a young man making a pedestrian tour through the Dolomites, came upon Asola. He was so charmed with the beauty of the scene and of its marvelous sunsets, he remained here for some time, and it was here he wrote *Sordello* and *Pippa Passes*.

After Mrs. Browning's death he came again to Asola, and asked permission of the authorities to buy and restore the ruined clock tower for a summer residence. The day he lay dying in Venice the permission to do so was given him.



PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE

THE
LIBRARY OF THE
MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

AND
ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN
OF LONDON

THE PRESENTATION.

“The Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple” is one of Titian’s most celebrated works. It is in the Academy at Venice. The legend relates that when the child Mary was three years old, Joachim said: “Let us invite the daughters of Israel and they shall each take a taper or a lamp and attend on her, that the child may not turn back from the temple of the Lord.” And being come unto the temple they placed her on the first step and she ascended alone all the steps to the altar, and the High Priest received her there, kissed her and blessed her, saying, “Mary, the Lord hath magnified thy name to all generations, and in thee shall be made known the redemption of the children of Israel.” Such is the incident which, in artistic representation, is sometimes called “The Dedication,” oftener “The Presentation.” The motif does not vary. The child Mary, sometimes in blue, but oftener in a white robe, with long golden hair, ascends

the steps which lead to the porch of the temple. The steps are always fifteen in number, the reason being based on a passage in Josephus, who says, "Between the wall which separated the men from the women and the great porch of the temple were fifteen steps." In this picture Mary, holding up her light blue drapery, ascends the steps. A number of portraits add to the value and interest of the picture. Titian himself is looking up. Near him stands his friend, Andrea di Franchesi, Grand Chancellor of Venice, robed as a Cavalier di San Marco. Joachim and St. Anne are there too. His face you do not see. He has turned to St. Anne as if to be sure that she sees their child. Her face and hands express perfectly what she feels. The fine bearded face of the priest who stands behind the High Priest is a portrait of Raphael's friend, Cardinal Bembo. The old egg woman is thought to be a portrait of Titian's mother.



DETAIL PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE

THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN

Titian's masterpiece is "The Assumption of the Virgin." It stands at the head of the long list the painters have left us. No one who has seen it will ever forget the impression it produces as it bursts upon his vision the moment he enters the Academy at Venice. The old painters used to distinguish between the Assumption of the soul and the Assumption of the body of the Virgin. In the first instance the moment the soul leaves the body Christ receives it into his keeping, standing in person either beside her deathbed or above it; but in the Assumption, properly so-called, we have the moment wherein the soul of the Virgin is reunited to her body, which at the command of Christ rises up from the tomb. This forms one of the most beautiful themes in art, not only for what it represents, but what it suggests. As the church had never settled in what manner she was translated into heaven, only pro-

nouncing it heresy to doubt the fact, the artists had the field to themselves.

They usually represent it as a progressive action, the tomb below, the Virgin floating in mid air and the opening heaven above, the Trinity, the angels and all the Heavenly Host. Mrs. Jameson says of it: "The noble figure of the Virgin in a flood of golden light is borne or rather impelled upward with such rapidity that her veil and drapery are disturbed by the motion. Her feet are uncovered, a circumstance inadmissible in ancient art, and her drapery instead of being white is the usual blue and crimson, her appropriate colors in life. Her attitude with outstretched arms, her face not indeed a young or lovely face, but something far better, sublime and powerful in the expression of rapture; the divinely beautiful and childish yet devout, unearthly little angels around her, the grand apostles below and the splendor of color over all, render this picture an enchantment at once to the senses and the imagination. To me the effect is like



THE ASSUMPTION





DETAIL ASSUMPTION

music." Mrs. Jameson strikes the keynote of the picture when she says, "The effect is like music." Mr. Symonds says, "It can best be described as a symphony, a symphony of color, where every hue is brought into harmonious combination; a symphony of movement where every line contributes to melodious rhythm; a symphony of light without a cloud; a symphony of joy in which heaven and earth sing Hallelujah. On the earth there is action enough and passion, ardent faces straining upward, impatient men raising impotent arms and vainly divesting themselves of their mantles, as though they too might follow her they love. In heaven all is radiance, half eclipsing the archangel who holds the crown, and revealing the Father of spirits in an aureole of golden fire. Between earth and heaven, amid choirs of angelic children, rises the mighty mother of the faith of Christ, who was Mary, and is now a goddess, ecstatic, yet tranquil, not yet accustomed to the skies, but far above the grossness and incapacities of earth. Her womanhood is

so complete that those for whom the meaning of her Catholic legend is lost may hail in her humanity personified. The grand manner can reach no further than in this picture, serene, composed, meditated, enduring, yet full of dramatic force and profound feeling."

The "Assumption of the Virgin" is one of the twelve great pictures, and next to Raphael's "Sistine Madonna," the greatest picture in the world.

Mr. Symonds says: "To represent in art the intellectual strings of the Renaissance was the task of Florence and her sons. To create a monument of Renaissance magnificence was the task of Venice. Without Venice the modern world could not have produced that flower of sensuous and unreflective loveliness in painting which is worthy to stand beside the highest product of the Greek genius in sculpture. For Pallas Athena, from her Parthenon, stretches out her hand to Venezia enthroned in the Ducal Palace. The broad brow and earnest eyes of the Hellenic goddess are of

one divine birth and lineage, with the golden hair and superb carriage of the sea queen."

In closing, I want to repeat what I have said many times and which I firmly believe: "The river of art, ever flowing, may lift itself again and again, but never above the mark the old Italians left."

PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY

A

Æacus—E'-a-kus
 Æetes—Ai-e'-tes
 Aldobrandini—
 Al-do-bran-dee'-ne
 Allegri—Ah-lay'-gre
 Alessandro—Ah-les-ahn'dro
 Ambrogio, San—
 San Am-bro'-jo
 Andrea della Valle—
 Ahn-dray'-ah del'-la Vah'-lay
 Andrea del Sarto—
 Ahn-dray'-ah del Sar'-to
 Angelico, Fra—
 Fra Ahn-gel'-ee-ko
 Antoninus—An-to-nee'-noos
 Ara Coeli—Ah'-rah Cha'-lee
 Arezzo—Ah-ret'-so
 Artemis—Ar'-te-mis
 Asmodeus—As-mo'-de-oos
 Asola—Ah'-zo-la
 Assisi—Ah-see'-see
 Astorre—As-to'-ray

B

Baccio della Porta—
 Bah'-cho del'-la Por'-tah
 Badia—Bah'-dee-ah
 Baglione—Bal-ye-o'-nee
 Bartolommeo del Fattorino—
 Bar-to-lo-may'-yo
 del Fat-to-ree'-no

Beatrice Cenci—

 Bay-ah-tree'-chee Chain'-chee
 Bellini—Bel-lee'-nee
 Bembo—Bame'-bo
 Benvenuto Cellini—
 Ben-ven-oo'-to Chel-lee'-nee
 Bergamo—Ber'-gah-mo
 Bernard—Ber'-nard
 Bernini—Ber-nee'-nee
 Bernardone—Ber-nar-do'-ne
 Biago—Bee-ah'-go
 Bibbiena—Bee-bee-a'-nah
 Borghese—Bor-gay'-ze
 Borgia—Bor'-jah
 Bologna—Bo-lone'-jah
 Bombardieri—
 Bom-bar-dee-a'-ree
 Botticelli—Bo-tee-chel'-lee
 Brescia—Bres'-chia
 Bruzzone—Broot-so'-ne
 Bucentaur—Boo-chen'-tor
 Buonarrotti—Boo-o-nah-ro'-tee
 Buti—Boo'-tee

C

Capuccini—Kap-oo-chee'-ne
 Caravaggio—Kar-ah'-vah-jo
 Carracci—Car-ah'-chee
 Carroti—Kah-ro'-tee
 Chianti—Kee-on'-tee
 Chryses—Kri'-sez
 Chryseis—Kri-se'-is

Circe—Sir'-se
 Citeaux—See-to'
 Correggio—Kor-red'-jo
 Cumean—Ku-me'-an

D

Daedalus—Day'-da-loos
 Damasus—Dam'-a-soos
 Dameno—Dah-mee'-no
 Da Vinci, Leonardo—
 Lay-o-nar'-do dah Veen'-chee
 d'Este—Dase'-tay
 Dioscorus—Di-os'-co-roos
 Dolomite—Dole'-ah-meet
 Domenico—Do-men'-ee-ko
 Domenichino—
 Do-men-ee-kee'-no
 Donatus—Do-nah'-toos

E

Ecbatana—Ek-bat'-ah-na
 Euryloches—U-re-lo'-kees

F

Farinacci—Far-ee-nah'-chee
 Farnese—Far-nay'-ze
 Ferrara—Fer-rah'-rah
 Fiesole—Fee-a'-zo-lee
 Filipepi—Feel-ee-pay'-pee
 Filippino Lippi—
 Fee-lee-pee'-no Lee'-pee
 Filippo Lippi, Fra—
 Frah Fee-lee'-po Lee'-pee
 Foligno—Fo-leen'-yo
 Formosa Santa Maria—
 Sahn'-tah Mah-ree'-ah
 Four-mo'-sah

Francesco—Fron-chase'-co
 Franchese—Fron-kay'-see

G

Geminianus—
 Gem'-ee-nee-ah'-noos
 Ghirlandajo—Geer-lon-dah'-jo
 Giacomo—Joc'-o-mo
 Gianpaola—Jee-on'-pa-o'-lah
 Gioconda, La—
 Lah Jo-kon'-dah
 Girolamo—Je-roll'-ah-mo
 Giorgio—Jor'-jo
 Giorgione—Jor-jo'-ny
 Giovane—Jo'-vah-ny
 Giovanni—Jo-vahn'-ee
 Grazie—Grot'-see-eh
 Gualberto—Gwal-ber'-to
 Gubbio—Goo'-bee-o
 Guido Aretino—
 Gwee'-do Ah-rah-tee'-no
 Guido Guerra—
 Gwee'-do Gwer'-ra
 Guido Reni—Gwee'-do Ray'-ne
 Guilio Romano—
 Joo'-le-o Ro-mah'-no
 Guliano—Joo-lee-ah'-no

H

Hegel—Hay'-gel
 Heliades—He-li'-a-dez
 Heliodorus—He-lee-o-do'-rus
 Helios—He'-lee-os
 Heosphorus—He-os'-fo-roos
 Hermes—Her'-mez
 Holofernes—Hol-o-fer'-nes

I

Icarus—Ik'-a-roos

Ippolito—Ip-pol'-ee-to

J

Jacopo—Ja'-ko-po

L

Lappaccia—La-patch'-ya

Luini—Loo-e'-nee

M

Maccabeus—Mak-a-be'-oos

Mantua—Man'-too-ah

Masaccio—Mah-sot'-cho

Matarazzo—May-tay-rot'-zo

Medici, de—de May'-de-che

Michelangelo—Me-kel-on'-ja-lo

Modena—Mo-de'-nah

Mona Lisa Gherardini—

Mo'-nah Lee'-za

Ger-ar-dee'-nee

Murano—Moo-rah'-no

Murillo—Moo-reel'-yo

N

Niobe—Ni'-o-be

O

Oddi—O'-dee

Odezza—O-det'-zah

Ognissante—On-ye-sahn'-tee

Onias—O-ni'-as

Orazio—O-rah'-ze-o

P

Palazzo della Signoria—

Pa-lat'-zo del'-la

Seen-yo-ree'-ah

Palazzo Vecchio—

Pa-lat'-zo Vek'-kee-o

Palma Giovine—

Pal'-mah Jo'-vee-nee

Palma Vecchio—

Pal'-mah Vek'-kee-o

Pasiphae—Pas-if'-fay-e

Pazzi—Pot'-zee

Perugia—Pay-roo'-ja

Perugino—Pay-roo-je'-no

Piacenza—Pee-ah-chen'-za

Piazza—Pee-at'-za

Pietra Santa—

Pee-a'-tra San'-ta

Pitti—Pee'-tee

Poliziano—Po-lee-zee-ah'-no

Pomponio—Pom-po-nee'-o

Pugliese—Pool-ee-a'-se

Python—Pi'-thon

R

Radamanthus—

Rad-a-man'-thoos

Raffaello Santi—

Rah-fa-ell'-lo Sahn'-tee

Rages—Ray'-ges

Raguel—Rah-gwel

Rénan—Ray-nan'

Romagna—Ro-man'-ya

Romola—Ro'-mo-lah

Roselli, Cosimo—

Kos'-ee-mo Ro-sel'-ee

Rospigliosi—Ros-pee-lee-o'-see

S

San Miniato—

Sahn Mee-nee-ah'-to

San Onofrio—

Sahn O-no'-free-o

San Pietro Montorio—

San Pee-a'-tro Mon-to'-ree-o

San Salvi—Sahn Sol'-vee

Santa Croce—

Sahn'-tah Cro'-chay

Santa Maria Novella—

Sahn'-tah Mah-ree'-ah

No-vay'-lah

Savignano—Sah-veen-ya'-no

Savonarola—

Sah-vo-nah-ro'-lah

Scipione—See-pee-o'-nee

Scuola di San Rocco—

Skoo-o'-la de Sahn Rock'-o

Selene—Se-le'-ne

Serevezza—Sa-rah-vet'-sah

Settigano—Set-teen-ja'-no

Sforza—Sford'-za

Sigismund—Sij'-is-mund

Signoria—Seen-yo-ree'-ah

Simonetto—See-mo-net'-to

Spoletto—Spo-lay'-to

Stanze—Stan'-ze

Stanze d'Elidora—

Stan'-ze day-lee-do'-rah

Suetonius—Swe-to'-nee-oos

Symonds—Sim'-monds

T

Thia—Thi'-a

Tiburtine—Tib'-er-teen

Tithonus—Tee-tho'-noos

Tito—Tee'-to

Tommaso—To-mah'-so

U

Uffizi—Oo-feet'-see

Urbino—Oor-bee'-no

V

Vallambrosa—Val-lom-bro'-za

Vasari—Vah-sah'-ree

Veronese—Ver-o-nay'-se

Villa Borghese—

Vee'-la Bor-gay'-ze

Villa Umberto Primo—

Vee'-la Oom-ber'-to Pree'-mo

Violante—Vee-o-lahn'-tee

Z

Zampieri—Zam-pee-a'-ree

Zeus—Zoos

MAR 15 1932

